Photo, Lafayette Ltd.

I s'pose I'll never see again
That fly upon the window pane;
It used to buzz and jump and hop
As if it really couldn't stop.
I look and look with searching stare,
But no, no luck, it isn't there!
I s'pose I'll *never* see again
That fly upon the window pane!

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"DIVIDED AFFECTION."

From the Painting by A. J. Elsley.

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FROM · THE · STALLS

Photo *Lallie Charles.*

DAGMAR WIEHE.

A Beautiful Actress of Danish Descent.

"Some people say that a Royal audience is rather cold, but I did not find this so when playing in 'The Man from Blankley's' at Sandringham," says Miss Dagmar Wiehe.

Miss Wiehe, who comes of a Danish family, was presented to Their Majesties.

"The King looked awfully jolly and wonderfully kingly, and the Queen was too sweet for anything. I did not seem to feel a bit in awe of them.

"They were rather disappointed because I could not speak Danish, but the King was once more interested on hearing that my father was a colonel in the Danish Army."

Miss Wiehe is a passionate lover of Browning, whom she finds extremely difficult to understand.

She is also "frightfully keen" on the stage. "But," she adds very solemnly, "a first night takes years off my life."

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ADRIENNE AUGARDE.

A Shy Little Maid.

M ss Adrienne Augarde is a very shy and tim'd litt e girl, for all the world like an exquisite bit of Dresden china.

She plays golf, but owns wistfully that she plays worse than when she started six yezrs ago. (Don't let that trouble you, Miss Augarde; that's olten the way wi h golf!)

Two years ago, at Portsmouth, when just commencing to swim, a big wave overwhe'med her and she went completely unde-. She was promptly rescued, but not before she had lost consciousness, and it was a long time before her friends could bring her back to life.

"As I looked up to the sun for the last time, I thought, 'This is good-bye to George Edwardes' Companies for good and all!'"

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Photo Foulsham & Banfield.

MARIE STUDHOLME & ZENA DARE.

Two Shining Lights of Musical Comedy.

"Give me a place somewhere in Heaven that I may hear you sing there!" was the Miltonic refrain from one of Miss Marie Studholme's many admirers. Another communication, from a missionary, invited her to leave the stage and join a party of missionaries who were about to start for West Africa to brighten the lives of the natives:

"The climate is far from good and the district is a fever-stricken one, but if we return safe and sound I will make you my wife."

However, Miss Studholme elected to brighten people's lives at home in a somewhat less arduous way.

The size of Miss Zena Dare's post-bag is also considerable. Perhaps the most remarkable letter she received was couched in harsh terms:

"I am determined to become your husband and shall take immediate steps. I intend to be perfectly firm and will permit no shilly-shallying or dilly-dallying."

But all that was some time ago, and her masterful correspondent has not yet succeeded in marrying Miss Zena Dare.

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Photo *Dover Street Studios.*

MARIE WILSON.

The Pet of the Savoy.

Miss Marie Wilson is just eighteen, and if not the youngest operatic leading lady, is at all events extremely young for the position.

"Ever since I can remember," she says, "I have been mad on the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. I used to dress my dolls in the parts and sing to them."

Her childhood's dreams were realised when Mrs. D'Oyly Carte selected her out of 700 applicants to play Kate in "The Yeomen of the Guard," and later she was Casilda in "The Gondoliers."

She is the pet of the Savoy Company, and a special favourite of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, who always calls her "Miss Red Currant Jelly," because red currant jelly is her invariable food at lunch.

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Photo *Hana.*

ARTHUR ROBERTS.

The Funniest Man in England.

Mr. Arthur Roberts has been described as the funniest man in England, and he was, perhaps, never funnier than in his imitations of Mr. Tree.

Though imitation of this kind is not always considered the "sincerest form of flattery," the Nero of His Majesty's and the Nero of the Oxford Music Hall have always been the best of friends.

Indeed, it is quite a holiday for Mr. Tree to see his impersonations burlesqued by Mr. Roberts, and a *matinée* performance was once specially arranged for his benefit.

There are few comedians whose wit is so spontaneous as Mr. Roberts', and the stage is not the sole arena for his jokes.

Riding one day at a gallop along the "Ladies' Mile," he was pursued by a mounted constable, who was probably glad of an excuse for a gallop himself.

"What's the matter, constable?" cried the culprit in mock horror. "Don't tell me he's dropped the number off his tail again!"

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Photo *Bassano.*

FARREN SOUTAR and CAMILLE CLIFFORD

In the Vaudeville Harlequinade.

"The uncrowned but unchallenged Queen of Gibson Girls," Miss Camille Clifford has been called, and she queened it royally at the Vaudeville.

In the second act she was associated in a minuet with Mr. Farren Soutar, himself a very Gibson-like man.

Mr. Soutar is the son of the late Miss Nellie Farren, the greatest Gaiety actress of her day.

He is a keen cricketer and good all-round sportsman, and has had a varied theatrical career.

In "Pot-Pourri," at the Avenue, he and Miss Marie Dainton had an awkward experience.

They were up in a balloon, when one of the guide ropes gave way and left them hanging by a single thread, and huddled up together in a corner of the car.

Though there was ample excuse for "stage fright," both remained remarkably cool until the carpenters rescued them from their miserable plight.

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JULIA MARLOWE.

(As Jeanne d'Arc)

A Prominent American Actress.

Miss Marlowe, though to all intents American, was actually born in Cumberland, and went to Kansas when only five. She has achieved great success in many world-famous parts — Rosalind, Imogen, Beatrice, and Lydia Languish being among the chief.

She began the study of Juliet at fourteen, Juliet's own age, and has distinguished herself as the boy poet Chatterton, and as Charles Hart in "Rogues and Vagabonds."

Her temperament is so calm that she has been epigrammatically described as "abnormally normal."

Her methods are marked by a queenly leisureliness, and, to quote an American writer, "she puts the nervous kid reporter at his ease."

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Auto *Lizzie Caswall Smith.*

MRS. HERZBERG AND CHILD

(Miss Sadie Jerome).

Famous as Lalage Potts in "Gentleman Joe."

Miss Sadie Jerome's first part in London was as Lalage Potts in "Gentleman Joe," and so conservative are London managers that they have tied her down to musical comedy ever since.

But audiences in other parts of the great world know Miss Jerome in very different *rôles*, such as Cousin Kate, played with Mr. Welch in Africa, and Viola in "Twelfth Night."

Miss Jerome is married to a German gentleman. A great deal of her time has been spent in Germany, and German she considers the grandest language in the world.

"It is so full of rich sounds, and you can say things in German you could not possibly say in any other language."

We can well believe you, Miss Jerome. German does sound like that!

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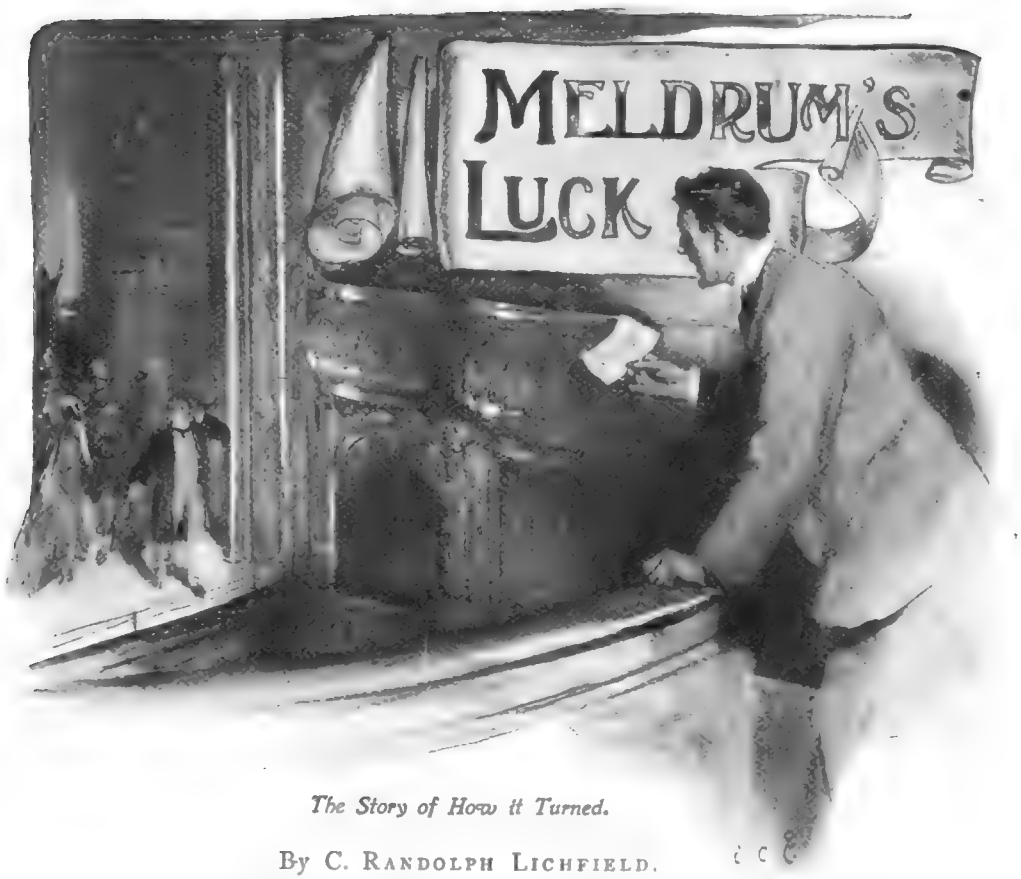

The Story of How it Turned.

By C. Randolph Lichfield.

"Where's Penting? Wilson, where's Penting?" exclaimed John Meldrum, reappearing at the door of his office off the dress-circle foyer after an absence of a few minutes. "He was here a minute ago!"

"I didn't notice he had gone," said Wilson, his secretary, looking up in mild surprise; "I've been so busy."

"What the deuce did he want to go away for!" said Meldrum angrily, advancing into the office and dropping into his desk chair. "These programmes won't do. There isn't a theatrical manager in London who wouldn't be ashamed of them. I won't have 'em! What would the audience say when they handled programmes printed like that? And there are three distinctly offensive ads. on 'em. He'll have to print them again, or I'll give someone else the contract."

"Scarcely enough time to do that," suggested Wilson mildly.

"A good forty-eight hours, isn't there?" said Meldrum sharply. "I've put every penny I could beg, borrow, or steal in this production, by which I'll sink or swim; and I'm not going to have my audience prejudiced against the show before the curtain goes up by handling cheap things like these. I know how easily a first-night audience is influenced. It was no more than a draught and a critic's stiff neck that foozled my last show. Ring 'em up, Wilson; ring up the door-keeper, and see if Penting went out."

"Infernally cold, Mr. Meldrum, isn't it?" said a silky voice from the doorway as Wilson reached across his table for the telephone.

"Cold?" cried the manager wrathfully, starting out of his chair, "it's infernally warm in here just now, Mr. Penting! Haven't you ever done programmes before that—— Look at that ad.! Man on earth, do you think a cultured audience waiting for the curtain to rise on the splendours of a Shakespearean tragedy wants to while away its time absorbing the beauties of an ugly foot deformed by bunions? And look at that—and that! Turn it over!—look at that! It would

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disgrace a schoolboy with an eighteen-penny outfit of rubber stamps!"

He checked himself in his angry condemnation, giving the little man who stood diffidently at his elbow breathing-time, and glanced towards Wilson, who was answering a telephone call.

"Who's there?" he inquired. "What's the matter?" he demanded, for Wilson's face had suddenly turned pale.

"Miss Treville——" stammered out the secretary faintly. "Hang on a minute, will you?" he called into the instrument. "Miss Treville, Mr. Meldrum!" he panted. "She has been thrown out of her car and has a double fracture of her leg!"

"*What?*" shouted Meldrum hoarsely. "Who's there? Ask him who he is—how he knows! Tell him——" He fell back into his chair speechless, trembling, flushed, and gasping.

Wilson repeated these inquiries hot into the instrument. Then he turned from it and sank into his seat.

"The matron of the hospital to which Miss Treville has been taken gave the call," said the secretary weakly.

"Meldrum's luck!" cried the manager, starting up and shaking his fists frenziedly. "Meldrum's luck! Isn't it a by-word in the profession? Within forty-eight hours of production Meldrum's leading lady struck down as bad as dead, and her understudy lying in the throes of influenza! Did either of you ever know such luck? It's the last straw! It deflates me! It does me! I'm done for! And you, Penting, come in here like a shorn lamb, complaining that it's cold! Hades isn't a shade warmer, I'll be sworn. I'm finished—ruined! I can't stage a thing in the place of it, and there isn't a woman in the wide world who could play Cleopatra to Wendleholme's Antony in the time!"

He dropped into the chair again, and his heavy, shaven chin sank into the folds of his cravat. His attitude and expression epitomised his declaration.

Wilson and Penting glanced about them furtively, embarrassed by being spectators of the breaking of this strong man who had taken so many reverses so cheerfully and with such courage. Neither spoke; neither could break into the horrible silence of the professional dying moments of the big, blustering, good-hearted man who had staked all on the last card—and lost.

Suddenly Meldrum started, towering, to his feet, brushed Penting aside, and vanished into the darkness of the foyer.

He strode along the winding passage, down the winding stairs, with long strides, down the narrow, dimly-lit passage to the stage-door.

"Hansom," he said sharply to the door-keeper, and went out into the crisp evening air and looked about him, while the door-keeper whistled shrilly.

A cab came rattling round the corner. He went to meet it eagerly, climbed in, and a few moments later alighted at an open door in the Strand. Up a flight of steep steps he romped stumblingly, and came to a half-glazed door which opened upon a large, untidy room in which a little, stout man of Hebrew type of features sat writing at a table.

"Is there any woman on earth who can play Cleopatra within forty-eight hours, Collins?" he demanded huskily.

"I don't know any woman on earth who could play Cleo. within a hundred years, Mr. Meldrum. Somehow they can't do it—no, not even your boasted Treville, I'm afraid," answered the agent over his big cigar.

"I'm not bothering with your high ideals just now, man," retorted Meldrum; "come down from 'em, and tell me, is there any capable actress within your ken who is sufficiently familiar with the part to play it acceptably to Wendleholme's Antony on Thursday night? Miss Treville's broken her leg."

"What? Well, you do have luck! And Miss Rayne's down with the 'flue?" Meldrum nodded. "Well, I'm absolutely sorry for you. But, really, there isn't——"

"Thanks," said Meldrum gruffly, and he wheeled out of the room and galloped downstairs out into the Strand.

He drove to a theatrical club hard by.

"Mr. Templeton here?"

"I hardly know, sir," answered the porter. "He may have come in while I was——"

Meldrum strode on along the hall, casting a quick side-glance through the glazed door of the smoking-room on the left. He stopped, turned, entered and advanced with long strides towards a half-bald head visible above the back of a luxurious chair drawn up before the fire.

"Templeton," he exclaimed tentatively.

The head rose, mounted on a short neck and broad shoulders, and a pair of kindly grey eyes looked into Meldrum's inquiringly from a florid, jovial face.

"Treville's fractured her leg," said Meldrum sharply. "Do you know any woman on earth who can play Cleo. to Wendleholme's Antony within forty-eight hours?"

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He fell back into his chair speechless, trembling, flushed, and gasping.

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"Treville? You don't mean it! Well I *am* sorry. But it's odd—very odd——" Templeton paused, and a strange light flickered in his eyes as he searched Meldrum's blank face. "I think I know the very woman who could."

"What?" cried Meldrum.

"The question is whether she would," pursued Templeton thoughtfully, with a soft suggestion of shyness which seemed strange in a man of his personality. "She has played the part recently, and I never want or expect to see anything finer in my life than her Cleopatra. It—it was perfect, Meldrum. And marvellous, considering she was playing to a stick of an Antony, who couldn't have been more out of the picture if he'd worn a silk hat. I saw her in Chicago, and I——"

"Chicago!" ejaculated Meldrum. "How the——"

"Go slower, old man. I am not such a fool as to suggest she could play it in London in two days if she were in Chicago now. The show failed, thanks to the Antony; and she told me she was going to Paris for a change and rig-out."

"Where's she staying? Who is she?" demanded Meldrum, tilting his hat back nervously.

Templeton tossed his paper into the vacant chair, and folded his hands behind him to catch the fire's glow.

"I—I don't know whether she'd do it," he murmured dubiously, glancing down at the rug beneath his feet.

"Nonsense!—she must do it. She shall do it, even if I have to pawn my shirt to pay her fees! I tell you I'm——"

"It wouldn't be so much a question of fees, I fancy, as—er—sentiment."

"How—sentiment? Nonsense! Probably she'd snatch at the chance to make a hit at Cleo. after a fizzle in the States, and in Wendleholme she'd have an ideal Antony. I assure you, Templeton, Wendleholme's Antony is the finest bit of acting I ever saw! Where shall we find this Cleo. of yours?"

"I—I don't know," returned Templeton perplexedly. "I believe she's in Paris, but I'm not sure, and where I don't know."

"Then, what the——"

"We can cable to Chicago; they might tell us."

"Come along! I've got a cab outside," cried Meldrum, seizing him by the arm.

"It's an off-chance," murmured Templeton, taking his coat from the porter; "I almost wish I hadn't raised your hopes."

"Look here!" exclaimed Meldrum, stepping back for Templeton to enter the hansom. "You go and cable to Chicago—reply paid, and come on to the theatre. I've heaps to do, and everything must be prepared in case the Fates are kind. But, mind you, I'll cable to the woman herself if you find her."

"All right," said Templeton. "Charing Cross Post Office, driver!"

Meldrum did not even wait for the cab to start, but set off as fast as he could to return to the theatre.

"Give me a brandy, Wilson," he gasped, as he staggered out of the dark foyer into the brightly-lit office and tumbled into his chair.

"What have you done?" inquired the secretary eagerly, as he rose and went to the cupboard.

"Mr. Templeton knows of someone who he vouches is a perfect Cleopatra. He's trying to find her," answered Meldrum "Anybody been in?"

"Ashley. Says the bookings have been extraordinarily heavy. I have wired to Miss Treville at the Redhill Hospital on your behalf, expressing regret and sympathy."

A tall, middle-aged man, with clean-cut features, appeared suddenly in the doorway. "What's this about Miss Treville?" he cried, tearing off his gloves.

"Oh, come in, come in!" exclaimed Meldrum wildly. "What have I got to do but answer kind inquiries?"

"What else have you got to do but call it off and——"

"It may be all right yet, Mr. Wendleholme," Wilson interposed quickly.

"Go home and don't worry, my boy," said Meldrum, with a surly sort of geniality. "The camel's back's not broken yet; I'm searching for the last straw now. Be at rehearsal to-morrow ten sharp. That's all."

"For Heaven's sake don't cast some word-perfect but simpering 'chambermaid' for Cleo!" said Wendleholme gravely.

"I'm going to caste an actress whom Templeton says is the finest Cleo. he ever saw. Is *that* good enough?"

"It should be. Templeton knows his Shakespeare and the art, if living man does, but——"

"Don't argue, old man!" protested the manager rising. "I'm fed up with trouble and anxiety. Be at rehearsal at ten sharp."

"Will she be there? Who is she?"

"I don't know—probably not. Miss Lane will read the part at rehearsal; and if we can get Templeton's woman in time, a call will

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be given for another rehearsal to-morrow night."

"All right, old man," returned Wendleholme mollified. "But it makes one feel very much on a string. Good-night."

The actor could not have got out of the theatre when Templeton panted into the office.

"Well?" exclaimed Meldrum eagerly. "Found her?"

"Found her?" laughed Templeton breathlessly. "D'you know Chicago's some way off? I've cabled, and the clerk-fellow says we may hope for a reply sometime after eleven."

Meldrum and Wilson glanced at the mantelpiece clock; it wanted ten minutes to eight. Meldrum rose, jerked down his waistcoat, and reseated himself.

"Have some brandy, Templeton?" he suggested suddenly.

"No, I won't stop. I'll come back about eleven. It's just possible Miss Hartmann's in London. I'll make inquiries at likely hotels."

"All right. Good-bye. Can you find your way? To the left, you know. Good-bye."

"Wilson," said Meldrum, after a brief pause, clearing his throat, "go down to the back, and if Harris is there, send him after those delayed costumes. They must be here by ten at all costs. And—Wilson!"

The secretary paused in the doorway and looked back.

"Tell White that if a telegram comes, it's to be delivered up here instantly."

Wilson nodded and slipped into the darkness.

Meldrum looked at his littered desk abstractedly. Then he rose and poured himself out another brandy. He sipped it, wondering dully why bad luck had always dogged his footsteps, for it had—always, even into his private life. His wife had died young, leaving to him a baby girl, who had grown up under his jealous eyes only, it seemed, to renounce his love for that of a young man, to share whose struggles she had left her father to live his life alone. That, perhaps, had been the bitterest sorrow of his life, which had been lonely, very lonely. But he had never allowed his domestic life to reflect itself in his professional career; he had worked hard, conscientiously, and distinguished himself, but the odds of chance had always been against him. Why? He wondered why.

"I suppose it's 'Meldrum's Luck'—nothing more," he muttered, replacing the glass. He squared his shoulders, jerked his chair nearer to the desk, and flung himself into business.

* * * * *

It was past twelve o'clock when Templeton came into the office. Meldrum turned round in his chair.

"Well, we ought to have had a reply by now, surely," said Templeton. "Still, a thousand things may have arisen to cause delay, eh? I've been everywhere—Metropole, Savoy, Cecil, Victoria, Grosvenor, Holborn—everywhere generally favoured by visitors *vid* France. But—no good."

"I suppose a cablegram would be delivered at any time?" said Wilson interrogatively.

"Bless your heart, yes; I made that safe, of course. What—why—— Here boy! where're you going? Can't you see the light?"

"Give it me—quick!" cried Meldrum, starting forward out of his chair as he caught sight of the messenger when Templeton turned.

"Which gentleman's name's Templeton?" inquired the boy authoritatively.

"Me!" said that person.

Meldrum fell back with a little groan of impatience. Templeton heard it and, understanding, passed the cablegram to him. "It's yours, really, old man."

Meldrum tore it open. "It's all right," he said; then cleared his throat.

"Good!" exclaimed Templeton.

There was a silence, while Meldrum held the message out with trembling hands. Then he read it.

"Miss Hartmann gave address Hotel de Rivoli. Suggested might return 21st.—Cathill."

"Suggested might return 21st?" repeated Templeton softly.

"In that case she may be two days out," Wilson interposed sharply.

Templeton and Meldrum exchanged meaningless glances.

"Shall I go over to Paris?" inquired the former.

"Thanks, but—I don't know," returned Meldrum. "There's nothing now before the nine a.m., which doesn't get you to Paris much before five in the afternoon. A wire would be better. If she's at the hotel named a wire would find her before you or I could; if she isn't, I suppose she's on the bosom of the wide Atlantic, and—'Meldrum's Luck!'"

"That's so," Templeton admitted quietly.

"Write this cablegram, Wilson," said

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Meldrum harshly: "To Miss—what's her Christian name?"

Templeton hesitated. "Marion," he decided at last.

"Miss Marion Hartmann, Hotel de Rivoli, Paris. Have staged 'Antony and Cleopatra'—magnificently. Mark Wendleholme an ideal Antony. Strongly supported. Heavy booking. Everything favours great success. Open Thursday next. Cleopatra met with accident. Understudy ill. Will you play Cleopatra? Your own fees. Wire instantly and come." . . . "To obviate all doubt, we'll have it read, 'Open Thursday next, 25th.' Write it out afresh!"

Wilson re-wrote it, and read it out aloud.

"That's right," said Meldrum, while Templeton nodded abstractedly. "Now to get it on the wires! And we can clear out, Wilson; there's nothing more we can do tonight. But I'll leave you to lock up. Good-night."

"Good-night," answered Wilson, as Meldrum and Templeton hurried away.

"White," said Meldrum to the door-keeper as they passed out, "I'm going over to the Savoy to try to get a few hours' rest. I shall be in early. If a telegram comes, send it across to me instantly."

"All right, sir," returned the door-keeper.

* * * * *

Meldrum awoke and turned over in his comfortable bed. Suddenly he recollected he had to be up early, and he fumbled under his pillow for his watch. Before he had found it he had remembered his expectation of a cablegram. What was the time? Ten to nine—*to nine?*

He shook off the bedclothes and scrambled out, eager, anxious, irritated. He rang his bell, and began to get into his clothing.

"Hullo!—I say," he called, hurrying to the locked door on which a knock fell. "Just inquire downstairs if a cablegram has come for me, will you? If not, send round to the theatre and ask about it. Be quick. And—I say! I say! Knock Mr. Templeton up, will you? Tell him I want him at once."

He unlocked the door in readiness for Templeton, and began his ablutions.

Templeton hurried in, buttoning up his waistcoat.

"Have you heard?"

"No," said Meldrum, grabbing a towel. "Can't understand it. I've sent to the theatre to inquire about it."

Templeton was obviously uneasy. "If not, we'd better cable to the manager of the hotel. I'll go down and see what I can discover."

"All right," returned Meldrum, fastening his collar.

When he went down he met Templeton as he approached the office.

"Nothing's come, old man. Off again—cable—Charing Cross, now," panted Templeton; and he was gone.

Meldrum went breakfastless round to the theatre. There was a dress-rehearsal at ten, and much to be done in the interim.

Wilson was in the office, with Ashley from the box-office.

"I've got no end of inquiries whether the bookings hold good, Mr. Meldrum," said the latter.

"Yes; unless further notice is issued, the curtain will rise as announced. Have those costumes come in, Wilson?"

"Yes, and Penting has 'phoned,' saying we'll have the programmes by noon to-morrow, but wants to know about Miss Treville's name."

"Tell him to leave it," answered Meldrum promptly. "But we may want some slips printed. I'm going down to the back."

He disappeared, and for half-an-hour he was engaged downstairs. When he returned, Templeton was waiting in the office.

"I've sent. I told the manager to wire us her address if he knows it, and to open the cablegram from us and wire it on to her. That would save time," said Templeton.

Meldrum silently patted him on the shoulder, and snatching up some papers from his table, went away again to give his help to the assistant stage-manager at rehearsal.

The rehearsal had just broken up when the long-expected cablegram arrived. Wilson was alone in the office, Templeton having left the theatre some time.

"Mr. Meldrum! Mr. Meldrum!" cried Wilson, running out to the front of the dress-circle and waving the message across the auditorium towards Meldrum, who was standing in the midst of a group of actors in their costumes on the stage. "A French wire!"

Meldrum impulsively stepped towards the footlights, as if to reach for it, and checked himself. He turned to leave the stage by the right exit, and checked himself again.

"Open it, read it!" he exclaimed, brushing his forehead with a trembling hand.

A hush fell upon the group of actors, as Wilson tore the missive open and read: "Miss Hartmann away at Nice. Back to-day. Telegram awaits her."

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"Thank God!" muttered Meldrum, his limbs relaxing. He turned and smiled at the little company behind him, and licked his lips nervously. "It's all right, ladies and gentlemen; we open to-morrow night."

"Barring accidents," said Wendleholme, drily.

The telegram implied that Miss Hartmann's address in Nice was not known in Paris; communication with her was, therefore, impossible, and she might postpone her return to Paris by a day.

"At the best," Wendleholme added irritably, "there can be no rehearsal with her, and she may guy the whole show."

"She's not likely to do that, from what Mr. Templeton says," the assistant stage-manager interposed; "and the public always makes most generous allowances in such cases."

Meldrum left the stage without a word, and hurried to his office, meeting Templeton in the foyer.

Meldrum paraphrased the telegram for his friend's benefit.

"Good!" cried Templeton cheerily. "Capital. What are you going to do?"

"I thought of going over——"

"I wouldn't," rejoined Templeton. "You can't beat that message of yours, or reach her before it. We might wire the message 'Post Restante, Nice,' so that should she go to the office for letters she'd get it, and wouldn't postpone returning to-day. Shall I do it for you?"

"Do; will you? I don't know what I should have done without your help; I never felt quite so stringy about anything before."

"Nonsense; that's all right," returned Templeton hurrying off.

In half-an-hour he was back again. It was then three o'clock, and with some difficulty he persuaded Meldrum to go out with him and have some lunch.

No telegram had come when they returned. Hour after hour sped by, but no word came to relieve the ever-increasing tension of anxiety.

Meldrum roamed about the theatre seeking anything that could be done, or undone and done again better.

"What sort of a woman is she?" he inquired gravely of Templeton, who looked into the office a little after midnight. "Is she the sort to ignore the summons, if she doesn't mean to come?"

"No, no; dear no!" returned Templeton. "We must expect a delay with her reply. As a rule the wires are busiest at night on account of the volume of Press telegrams. . . . A watched pot never boils; let's turn in at the Savoy."

"All right," said Meldrum abstractedly.

They stopped to instruct the door-keeper about the telegram, just as they had done the night before.

"Very well, sir," said White.

As they turned out into the street, a messenger, hurrying in, collided with Templeton.

"Here you are! Here it is!" he cried back to Meldrum, who was behind.

"Meldrum?" inquired the messenger.

"Yes—give it here!"

He took it—tore it open.

"I am coming by nine-fifty to-morrow. So sorry for delay.—Marion Hartmann," he read aloud.

"Hip—hip—hoorah!" shouted Templeton, waving his hat with boyish delight.

"Tell everybody it's all right; we shall play to-morrow," said Meldrum to White. He took Templeton's arm, and they started. "'So sorry for delay,'" he quoted in a soft voice. "Now, I think that's very nice of her, eh? That's a nice woman, Templeton."

"Oh, she's all right, old man!" said the other, with a droll smile. "One of the best, and I—hope you'll treat her well."

"Of course," said Meldrum thoughtfully, the man of business coming to the surface, "I expect she'll put me up to a tall figure; I said her own fees, you know. I ought to have been more explicit."

"She'll be cheap at the price of the moon," returned Templeton. "To-morrow night London will see an Antony and a Cleopatra after Shakespeare's own design, and you'll make a little fortune."

Over their champagne, Meldrum studied a time-table.

"She's due to arrive—Charing Cross—5.12. Running it pretty close, isn't it? I wish she'd thought to come by the 8.25," he said. "I should like to meet her at Dover, and put her in the way of things. I—I think I will. I should feel easier in my mind. It's risky dumping her down on a strange stage and expecting her to make the right exits and crossings; while if she has Miss Treville's book she could study all that on the way up, and yet have a rest before opening. Could you describe her so that I should know her?"

"You'd have heaps of time to inquire for her between arrival of boat and departure of train, and I—I could give you a fair idea of her appearance. She'll probably have her

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husband with her, and he's a little lame and walks with a stick."

"Married—is she?"

"Been married some years; very happily, too, I believe. He has written some rather successful plays which have toured in the States."

"Yes, I think I'll go," said Meldrum absently. "She doesn't reach Dover till two thirty-five, and there's a good train down at eleven. Yes, Templeton, I'll go."

* * * * *

The 3.20 train from Dover to London left Meldrum standing on the Dover Harbour platform staring after it. Miss Hartmann was not among its passengers; of that he had had more than ample time to satisfy himself absolutely, and he had done so, even at the risk of importuning all the ladies who had disembarked from the steamer.

She had not come, and she could not now arrive before five; it was impossible that she could reach London before seven—only an hour before she would have to enter the stage!

"Why the deuce didn't she think to come by the eight twenty-five; then she wouldn't have had this," he muttered, conning his time-table. "But it's no good going back now; she must have some understanding of what she's to do, and only the time of the journey up gives me a chance of drilling her. I must wait for the 'five.'"

He spent half-an-hour mooning over a light luncheon, and whiled away an hour walking about the town. He was in a very bad state of anxiety, and his thoughts jumbled themselves through his brain chaotically, giving him a painful sense of having lost the grasp of his own mind.

He was down on the pier a little before five, and as he watched the Calais boat come alongside, a cold sweat broke out on his forehead. He wiped it away, and stationed himself at the end of the gangway, so that, although it was getting dark, he could distinguish the features of everybody who disembarked.

They came off one after another, in couples, in threes; but he saw no one whom he could believe was Miss Hartmann. She had not come. He stared about him stupidly as he realised it; she had not come, and even if she did come now she would be too late.

"It's awful," he muttered blankly. Perhaps the very doors of the theatre would be opened and the audience admitted by the authority he had given Wilson. "Oh, it can't be!" he cried faintly. "I must wire them, and prevent a farce like that. It's awful." He broke into a stumbling, shuffling run, to seek a telegraph-office. Then doubt seized him, and he began a fresh scrutiny of the lady passengers boarding the train. There were two ladies, either of whom, by the severest stretch of imagination, he thought might be Miss Hartmann. He approached each courteously, and was disappointed by each, though surprised by neither. No; she had not come.

As a last hope he boarded the vessel, and asked for the purser. He was sent below to see him, and found him courteous but unenlightening. And when he climbed back to the deck, it was to see the red tail-lights of the train disappearing into the misty gloom along the pier.

Slowly he crossed the gangway. He was done, broken, ruined. With heavy, dragging feet he went to the telegraph-office and wrote a telegram to Wilson to close the theatre and return all money. But he paused as he signed the message. Was he done? Was there not even yet a chance?

He tore the telegram up and left the office.

"When's the next for London, porter?" he inquired.

"Eight o'clock, sir."

"What?" he gasped.

"That's right, sir; eight o'clock 'ere, eight two at the Town station."

Without a word he turned and went straight to a garage. Three hours' wait and two hours' journey meant a lapse of five hours before he could reach the theatre. He could do it quicker by road.

In less than half-an-hour he was in a car on the road to Folkestone, with a thoroughly reliable, though not too cautious, chauffeur driving.

They ran through Ashford at about half-past six. A light, fine rain was then falling, and the roads were becoming soft and sticky under its influence. They experienced some trouble on the hills between Ashford and Lenham, and Maidstone was not reached until half-past seven. Further delays occurred between West Malling and Farningham, and it was not till nearly ten o'clock that they entered the boundaries of Lewisham, when of necessity they reduced speed; so that it wanted only a few minutes to eleven when the car turned into the Strand.

Meldrum braced himself up at that moment to face whatever was before him, and directed the chauffeur on his way in an unfaltering voice. But his eyes were fixed in an ugly stare seeking a sign of his fate—a

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light or darkness on the pavement before the theatre entrance.

And it was a light! bright, deep, broad, sweeping right across the roadway.

Meldrum drew a sharp breath and wondered. He sprang out of the car and rushed into the theatre. As he passed the box-office, a man leapt out at him—a man beaming with pleasure, radiating excitement and enthusiasm.

"It's lovely!" he cried in a loud whisper, clapping Meldrum's shoulder. "Perfectly lovely! The girl's a peach—a perfect peach!"

"When did she get here—how?"

"Little after four. Thought the second train wouldn't give her breathing-time, she told Templeton; so she came by the one leaving Paris eight twenty-five."

"Where's Templeton?" inquired Meldrum faintly.

"Behind, somewhere; been trying everything to get in touch with you."

For five seconds they stood still, regarding each other.

Meldrum went on, round the passage, to the back.

As he pressed through the swing-door behind the stage-box, Templeton evolved himself out of a mound of stage-properties, and grabbed him by the arm.

He led Meldrum to a door down a narrow passage. "Go in and thank her. She's done for you to-night what no other woman living could have done." He pushed the door open, and urged him in.

A rather tall, slim, and graceful figure in Cleopatra's gorgeous robes rose from a chair and turned a pale face and eager, dark, and searching eyes upon him.

For five seconds they stood still, regarding each other. Then she took a step towards him, her hands folded before her, her chin upraised.

"My own fee, father—is forgiveness," she breathed.

A throbbing pause.

"Baby!" he cried, seizing her; and he bent over her and sobbed.

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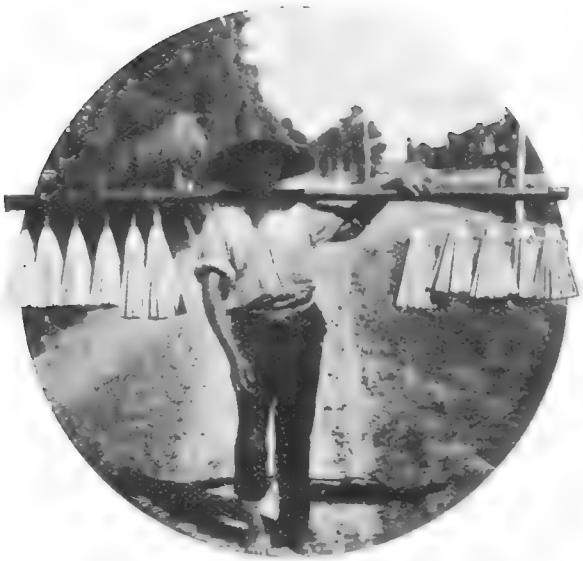
Picture - - Paragraphs.

The Editor Invites Readers to Submit Photographs of Curiosities Suitable for Use in These Pages, for Which He will be Pleased to Pay. Photographs must be Accompanied by a Short Description.



In Mexico the *vend dor de velas*, or candle-seller, hawks his wares from door to door, suspended on a long pole.

A WALKING CANDLE-SHOP.

In this country candles are not hawked from door to door, but in Mexico they are.

In that happy land the *vendedor de velas*, or candle-seller, slings his wares on to a long stick which he carries across his shoulders, and goes round from house to house as the milkman does in this country.

Often the candles are manufactured by the candle merchant's wife and children. He and his family are usually honest, hardworking citizens, and manage to make a more or less adequate living by the manufacture and sale of their wares.

The individual in the illustration is a picturesque looking old villain whose disreputable appearance is enhanced by a straggling beard and the hat of the country.

A NOVEL UNVEILING CEREMONY.

A handsome statue has been erected recently in New York to Giuseppe Verdi. The unveiling ceremony was distinguished by several interesting features.

The actual unveiling was performed by a little girl, Miss Gertrude Amelia Gahrman, who caused the covering concealing the statue to fall by pulling a string. This action also released a captive balloon which immediately rose, announcing to the whole city that the statue had been unveiled.

Stereograph Copyright *Underwood & Underwood.*

A statue to Giuseppe Verdi was recently unveiled in New York City. A little girl pulled a string which released the covering of the statue and a captive balloon simultaneously.

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HATS BY THE THOUSAND.

This remarkable photograph was taken in the store-room of a hat factory in Mexico, where the headgear commonly worn in Central America is turned out by the thousand.

These hats, which are as familiar to all who have visited Central America as the "bowler" is to a Londoner, have high, conical crowns and enormous brims.

To the stranger these hats present a somewhat startling appearance, conjuring up vague recollections of witches, and pictures of Welsh ladies in national costume. However, there is no doubt that, so far as Mexico is concerned, they are the right hats in the right place, for no one would dream of encountering the sunshine in that part of the world without some very adequate protection for his or her head.

The bearded man on the right of the picture is a Spaniard, who is the owner of the factory, and has amassed a considerable fortune by the sale of hats.

Coming out to Mexico as a boy, he landed almost penniless, and, indeed, only managed the journey by shipping as a stowaway and volunteering to work his passage when found. Now, thanks to industry and business instinct, he is a wealthy man.

His prosperity may be appreciated from the large supply of hats seen in the picture.

Photo *Underwood.*

Thousands of hats snapshotted in a Mexican hat factory.

Photo *L. Richardson.*

A stone gate in Scarborough Cemetery made of a slab of rock cut from the beach.

A STONE GATE.

This gate, which has a somewhat peculiar aspect, is situated in the new part of Scarborough Cemetery.

Some years ago, while excavating the new portion of the burial ground, the workmen discovered two large stone boulders of an exceedingly handsome appearance, and in order to preserve these, there being no similar stone in the district, the superintendent of the cemetery had them put up as gate-posts.

The gate itself is a flat piece of rock cut from Scarborough Beach, and was placed in its present position in order to harmonise with the gate-posts.

An eminent geologist who examined the boulders was of the opinion that they had migrated from Cumberland during the Glacial Age.

The hinges are attached to the gate by means of strong bands of iron which are bolted to the rock.

They are necessarily of enormous strength, owing to the weight of the gate.

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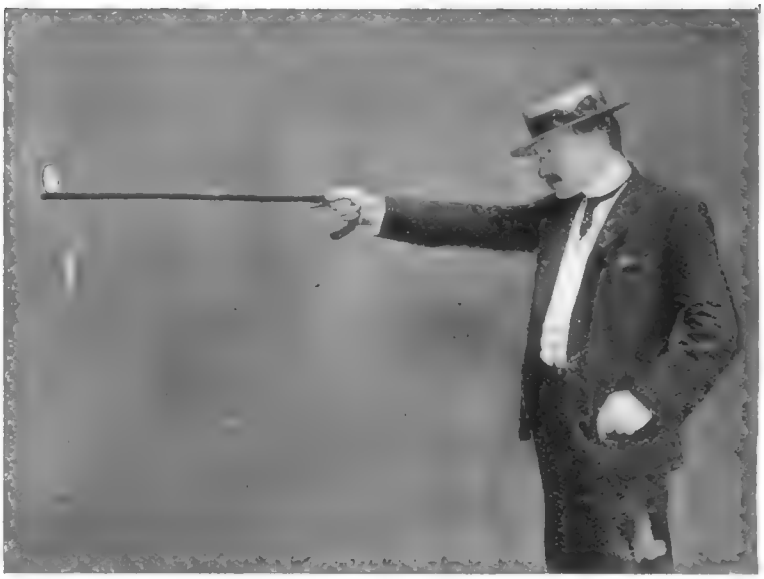
THE "UNILENS."
A Novel Form of Telescope.

A novel form of field-glass or telescope, of a remarkably portable and handy description, has been invented by Major Baden-Powell, F.R.A.S.

It consists of a single convex lens, 2½ inches in diameter, mounted in a metal rim, and may be carried in the waistcoat pocket. The mount has a small clip and screw, enabling the lens to be attached to a walking-stick or umbrella.



The "unilens" invented by Major Baden-Powell, F.R.A.S., takes the place of a field or opera-glass, and may be screwed on to a walking-stick or umbrella. The further it is held from the eye the greater is its magnifying power.

The invention is thoroughly practical, and with it a large view of distant objects may be obtained, the maximum magnification being about four diameters.

The "unilens" is most efficient when mounted on a walking-stick and held at arm's length, as the further it is held from the eye the greater the magnification.

With the arm fully extended, which is roughly equal to a distance of six feet between eye and lens, the object has its maximum magnification, though at this distance there is a slight blurring.

The best way to use the "unilens" is to sit down and rest the hand holding the stick on the knee, when the glass is about four feet distant from the eye, and the user is able to see objects clearly and sharply.

Photos *Newton & Co.*

The most convenient way to use the "unilens" is to sit down, and rest the hand holding the stick on one's knee, when the glass is about four feet from the eye.

The lens has the great advantage of always being in focus, and it is a useful aid to the natural sight in the examination of hanging pictures, the architectural features of buildings, and similar objects. Although the appliance is not suited to all sights, three people out of every four can use the "unilens" quite satisfactorily, and with good results.

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SHOOTING PRAIRIE CHICKEN.

"It is a fine day; let us go out and kill something," was once quoted by a foreigner as a remark typical of the Englishman.

However, men of most nationalities will not shrink from a little slaughter if there is anything about worth slaying, and least of all an American.

On the eastern shore of Lake Erie, in the north-west corner of Pennsylvania, prairie chicken, or American partridges, abound, and many guns for this reason are attracted to the locality.

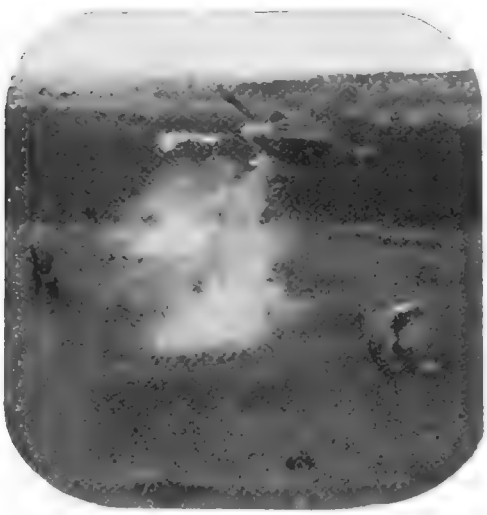
The unfortunate prairie chick gets no rest from their unwelcome attentions, and it begins to feel that life is scarcely worth living with so many bloodthirsty bipeds going about to destroy it.

The two prairie chicks in the picture have just found a Nirvana where there are no hunters or shot guns, and they were photographed, as may be seen, in the very act of falling lifeless to the ground.

The photographer stood an excellent chance of sharing their fate, as the focussing must have been directly in line with the gun held by the sportsman on the left of the picture.

This sportsman, by the way, was a shot of no mean order, for he has brought down a bird with either barrel, and the second is falling before the first has fairly reached the ground.

The charming climate and sporting attractions of the shores of Lake Erie make them the Mecca of all sportsmen within reach.



Copyright Stereograph *Keystone View Co.*

A remarkable photograph showing two shot prairie chicken in the act of falling.

AN ADVENTUROUS CALLING.

Not many men would care to change places with this steeplejack, who is balancing himself on one of the highest masts in the city of Chicago. Habit is everything, but it takes a lot of nerve to survey the world from high places such as this without a qualmy feeling.

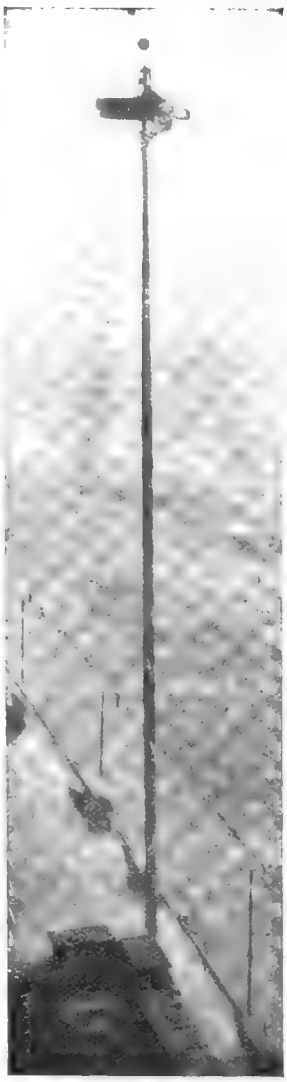


Photo *L. W. Paget.*

A picture of Mr. P. R. Young, a canny Scot "fra Aberdeenshire," who now lives in the U.S.A., carrying on business at Chicago as a steeplejack.

Steeplejacks, of course, are extremely necessary members of society, and when some big chimney shows signs of wear and tear, the owner thereof feels very grateful to the man who gaily clambers up the structure, diagnoses its disease, and sets out to effect a cure.

Most Londoners are familiar with this class of men's work from seeing a steeplejack decorate Nelson's column a few days before Trafalgar Day every year. The operation invariably attracts a large crowd of sightseers, who crane their necks to the breaking point in order to follow the movements of the intrepid climber.

This particular steeplejack is Mr. P. R. Young, who is a Scot, and hails from Aberdeenshire. He has emigrated to the United States, and "practises" in Chicago.

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"THE LAND WHERE THE YEW TREE GROWS."

MANY wonderful features mark the very celebrated yew tree that is found in the churchyard of Twyford, Wiltshire.

This yew is noted to-day, as it has been for so long, owing to three or four prominent records that it possesses. It is certainly the biggest yew in the country, covering, as it does, an enormous space of ground.

It is, too, one of the very oldest trees now existing in our land; and it is safe to say that there is no other tree of its age and size which can boast anything like such an excellent state of growth and preservation.

How old the tree is cannot be exactly told.

Photo *Salmon, Winchester.*

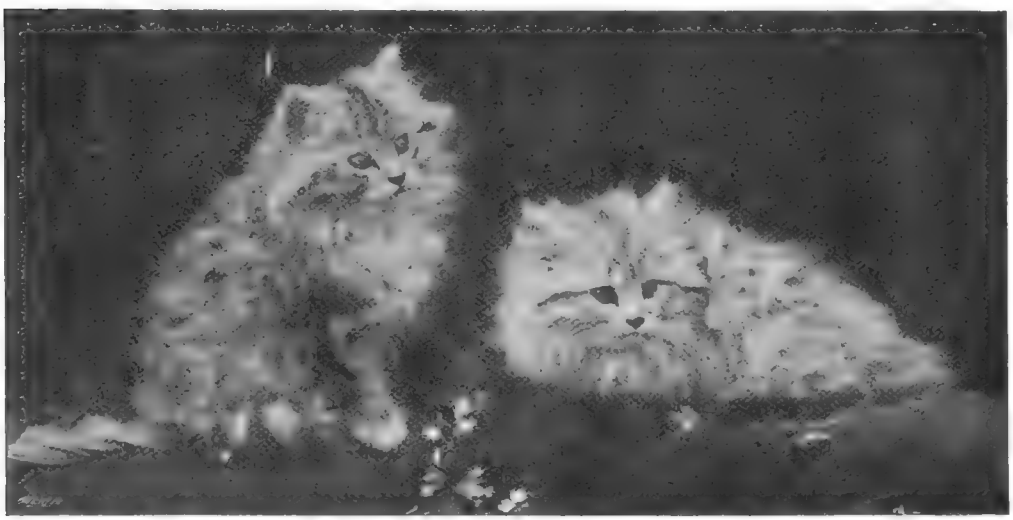
A fine old yew tree in the churchyard of Twyford, Wiltshire. It was well known in the time of Edward III.

WEALTHY CATS.

NOT every human being can depart this life and leave £4000 to those remaining behind. Fewer cats can accomplish such a feat, but Pink Eye, the pussy on the left of the picture below, has recently left that sum to its sister, the cat lying on the cushion.

Each of the cats recently inherited £4000 from Mr. B. F. Dilley, an eccentric, cat-loving millionaire. The unhappy Pink Eye unfortunately expired from a tumour in the throat, so its £4000 passed to its next-of-kin.

The other cat has thus £8000 to its credit at present. It is uncertain what will happen to this sum when the remaining cat shuffles off this mortal coil. What visions of unlimited mice £8000 conjure up!



The cat on the left recently died leaving an estate valued at £4000 to its sister, the cat on the cushion

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MR. TILTON'S TEMPTATION

How a Good Man Went Astray and was Punished for It.

By C. Malcolm Hincks.

Mr. Horace Tilton, the respected chief clerk of Messrs. Lyne & Co., merchants, of Cannon Street, E.C., left his office one Tuesday afternoon with a great temptation assailing him.

The face of Mr. Tilton had lost its usual serene, calm, and respectable look as he entered the Brixton train at Ludgate Hill Station, his evening paper lay folded on his lap, and his eyes were fixed upon the floor of the carriage.

"That will be a jolly good show at the Frivolity to-morrow afternoon," said a man in the far corner, looking up from his paper.

"Yes," replied his friend. "I'd go like a shot if I could get the afternoon off."

"Haven't you got an aunt left you could bury?" queried the other brutally, and both men laughed.

Mr. Tilton's face paled slightly. He had picked up and opened his paper, but his hands trembled so much that he could not read.

When his nerves were sufficiently steadied for him to be able to decipher the print, he saw a paragraph that set his hand shaking again, and made him put down his paper guiltily.

Everywhere he read or heard of the big matinée to be given at the Frivolity the following afternoon.

And Mr. Tilton wanted to go.

That was the trouble. When the preliminary notices appeared announcing the great benefit to be given to a once-famous comedian who had fallen upon hard times, Mr. Tilton had thought it would be nice to go and revive his old bachelor memories, to see the men and women he had seen many years ago, to see the glare of the footlights, the thin blue mist of smoke, to hear the howled comic song, the crash of the orchestra, and the roar of applause.

But he had dismissed the thought then. He had not been in a theatre or music-hall for over twenty years. A respectable deacon, and a shining light at his Brixton chapel, at a music-hall—perish the thought!

But the thought did not perish, it increased and waxed strong; the names of the artistes who would perform were printed in the papers, upon bills, and upon hoardings, and when Mr. Tilton saw them his heart beat quickly against his side and his eyes gleamed.

He went home by a circuitous route that night, thinking hard, and when he reached his neatly-kept suburban villa Mr. Horace Tilton had fallen from his high place.

He had resolved to be at the matinée; the casual remark of the man in the train had given him an excuse he would never have thought of for himself, and he dared not give

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his firm or his wife the real reason for desiring an afternoon's absence.

"Why are you putting on your black clothes and tie, Horace?" asked Mrs. Tilton, a thin, angular lady, with pronounced views on things she knew nothing about, the next morning, as her husband completed his toilet.

Mr. Tilton was struggling with his collar; possibly the exertion accounted for the redness of his face.

"Er—black – oh—er, yes—Mr. Lyne's nephew dead, my dear. Proper respect—proper respect."

"I thought Mr. Lyne had no relations," remarked his wife.

"Er—no, he hasn't—that is, this nephew is a distant connection; his mother was Mr. Lyne's mother's sister's cousin, and—yes, that's it."

But Mrs. Tilton hurried downstairs, and the little man sighed.

"Oh, to what fearful deception shall I go before the day is over?" he moaned, as he donned his frock coat.

Mr. Tilton had often told the Sunday School children, in unctuous tones, that "one lie means many," but he had never properly realised the truth of that statement until the present moment.

He sat down at his desk feeling about as miserable as it was possible for an ordinarily cheerful individual to feel, and his eyes alternately wandered from the clock to the swing-doors leading to the general office.

Eleven o'clock. Would Mr. Lyne never come? He was usually in the office by half-past ten.

At a quarter past eleven the senior partner, a portly, bluff old gentleman, entered, and with a cheery "good-morning" to his clerks in the outer office, passed through into his private room.

He had not been there many minutes when Mr. Tilton, looking peculiarly uncomfortable, presented himself.

"Ah, good-morning, Tilton! Anything important? I'm rather late this morning. Break down on the line."

"No—er, it's nothing of importance. That is—er, it *is* rather important. My aunt's dead, sir."

Mr. Tilton got it out, and then waited for the earth to swallow him up.

"Dear me," said the old merchant sympathetically, "I'm very sorry to hear it."

"Oh, don't trouble" broke in his little clerk hastily. "That is, I meant to say, could you let me have this afternoon off to go to the funeral?"

"Certainly. What time do you wish to leave?"

Mr. Tilton was occupied in a simple mental calculation.

"The doors open at half-past one," he said at last. "I think I should be in plenty of time for a seat if I left at twelve."

Mr. Lyne was staring at him, and suddenly Mr. Tilton, realising what he had said, was about to blurt out the whole story, when the merchant spoke.

"I'm afraid your aunt's death has considerably upset you, Tilton," he said in kindly tones. "Unless you feel up to it don't think of coming up to the office to-morrow."

"Thank you, thank you, sir," gasped the anguished head clerk, and then got away as quickly as he could.

By this time he was wishing the matinée and all connected with it at a place he would not have cared to specify.

But at twelve o'clock he donned his overcoat and silk hat and left the office without giving any explanation to the clerks save that "he would not be back that afternoon."

"A lie saved there," he remarked to himself half triumphantly when he got outside.

After a frugal lunch he got on a westward-bound 'bus, and at about a quarter to one found himself outside the Frivolity Palace of Varieties in Shattesbury Avenue.

To his disgust a huge crowd had already gathered outside the entrance to the half-crown seats, and while he was inquiring from a policeman the proper place for him to take his stand, a score or so of excited individuals got in front of him.

Someone in the long queue remarked that it was a record crowd. Apparently an ubiquitous press photographer thought so, too, for he was busily engaged in "snapping" it from every conceivable position.

At a quarter past one such a crowd had collected that it impeded the traffic, and the police ordered that the doors should be opened.

Then the huge audience began to file in, swaying and pushing. Six people were continually trying to get through a doorway that could only accommodate two. Women screamed and men lost their tempers.

"Steady there; who are you pushing? Just you be careful."

A big, black-bearded man glared round at Mr. Tilton, and the little man stepped back sharply, to be reviled by an angry feminine voice for his clumsiness.

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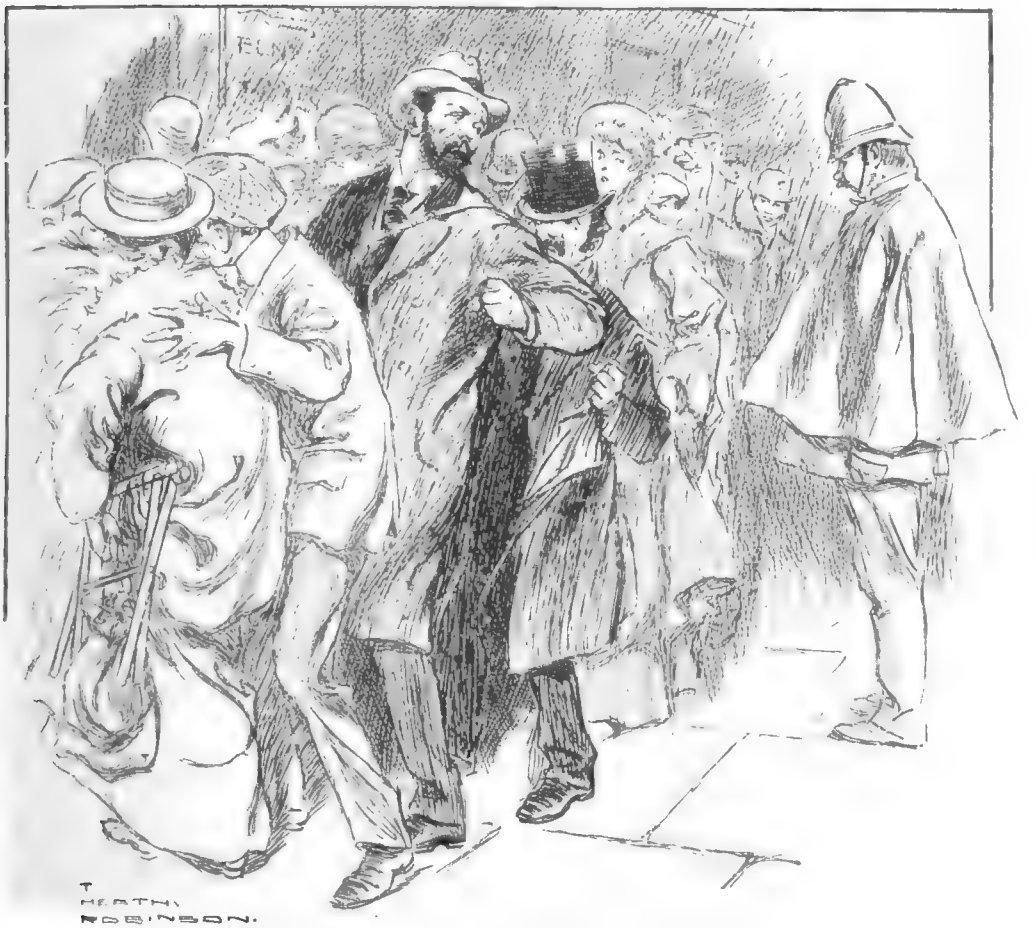

A big, black-bearded man glared round at Mr. Tilton.

Long before the little clerk got to the door the ominous words "standing room only" went round, and the crush became if anything greater.

"Never mind," said Mr. Tilton cheerfully to himself, "I don't mind standing; the show will be worth it."

But irony of Fate! Just as he got to the doorway, after being roughly elbowed aside by the afore-mentioned black-bearded man, two constables stepped smartly in front of the door.

"No more," said one laconically.

"Why?" demanded Mr. Tilton.

"'Cos there's more than there ought to be in there already. Manager won't have any more."

Then the little clerk forgot himself. To think that he should have fallen to such base deception and terrible agony of mind all for nothing was too much to bear; he used language that he never in his life used before, and stamped frantically upon the pavement.

"Look 'ere, my little bantam," sa'd the constable when he became silent through exhaustion, "you run along 'ome, or you'll get into trouble, that's wot you'll do."

Then Mr. Tilton, realising with confusion his position, stole quietly away from the yelling crowd, and wearily walked about the City until the usual time for his return home.

* * * * *

Mr. Tilton was down early the next morning. He had passed a sleepless night, and the advent of the dawn was most welcome to him.

He entered the dining-room, picked up the papers that were upon the breakfast-table, and settled himself in an armchair to await his wife's arrival to breakfast.

Mr. Tilton always reserved the *Standard* to

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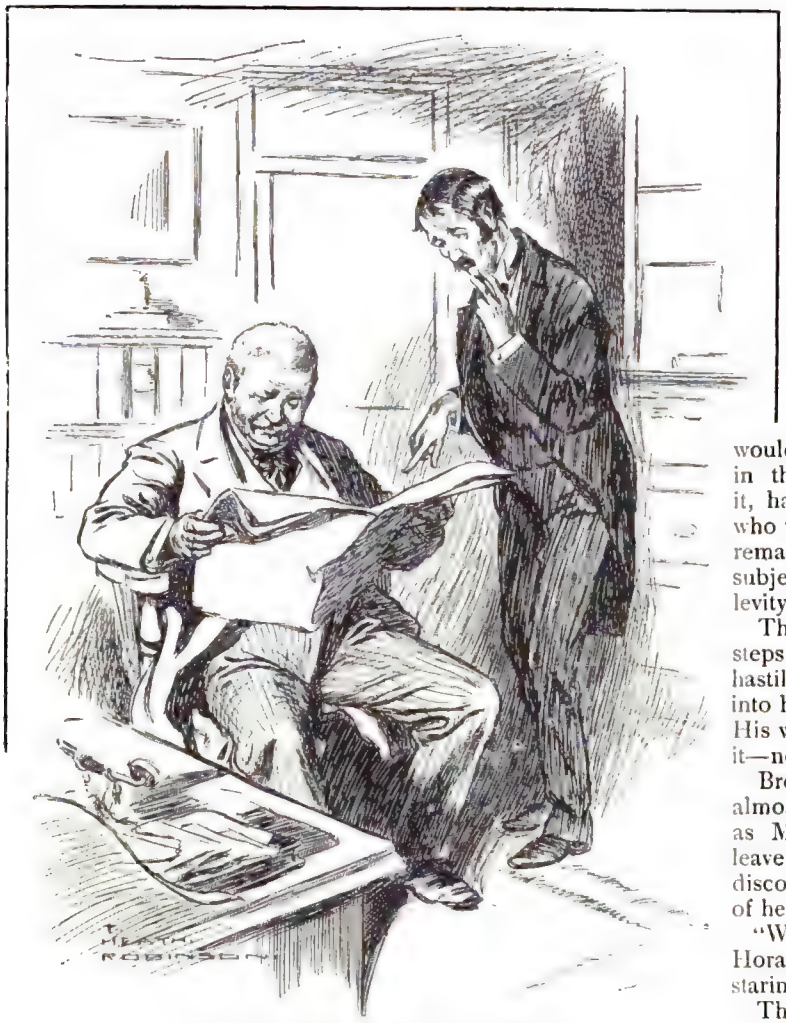

"Show me which is you," he said shortly.

read in the train; if he had any time before he left home he always glanced through the illustrated daily that he bought for his wife.

As he looked carelessly through the latter, his thoughts far away, his attention was suddenly arrested by a large photograph in the centre of the paper. It was headed: "Huge crowd at a benefit performance."

This was to Mr. Tilton much as a red rag is to a bull, but he looked at the photograph.

Then he sprang to his feet, white-faced and trembling.

For standing well in the foreground and easily recognisable was Horace Tilton himself!

The respected chief clerk and worthy deacon waiting outside the entrance to the half-crown seats of the Frivolity Music Hall!

It is impossible to describe the little man's feelings as he glared at the offending picture; anger, pain, and fear filled his soul, in which the latter dominated.

His wife would see it, Mr. Lyne would see it, his friends in the City would see it, hard-hearted friends who would make unkind remarks, treating the sad subject with ill-mannered levity.

Then he heard footsteps on the stairs, and hastily slipped the paper into his coat tail pocket. His wife should not see it—not yet at all events.

Breakfast was eaten almost in silence. Then, as Mr. Tilton rose to leave the table, his wife discovered the absence of her paper.

"Where is the *Mercury*, Horace?" she asked, staring round the room.

The little man flushed a burning red.

"I—er don't know, my love; surely the bookstall people have not been so careless as to forget to send it."

"I'll ask Mary," said Mrs. Tilton, her hand going towards the bell.

"D—don't bother, my dear, please. It could not have been sent, or it would have been upon the table. I must rush off now, but I'll ask them about it at the bookstall."

He hurriedly left the room, and Mrs. Tilton crossed over and sat down by the fire.

"I can't think what has come over Horace. I'm afraid Mr. Lyne's loss has affected him; there, I quite forgot to tell him about the letter."

Mr. Tilton reached the City in a state of abject terror. He dared not go to his office.

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Mr. Lyne would be certain to have seen the photograph, and he could not face him.

He went into St. Paul's, and stayed there for some time listening to the latter part of the morning service, or rather hearing it, but not comprehending it; his mind was too troubled for that.

Then just after eleven o'clock he decided he would go to the office.

After all, there was a bare possibility that Mr. Lyne would not have recognised him, for he had suddenly recollected—though it seemed strange now—that he bore an irreproachable character.

He entered the offices of Lyne & Co., feeling like a schoolboy entering his master's study for well-deserved chastisement.

He had just hung up his hat and coat, when a clerk came out of Mr. Lyne's room.

"The guv'nor wanted to see you if you turned up, Mr. Tilton," he said casually.

But in those words the unfortunate little clerk heard his sentence. How he stumbled to the door and entered the private room he never knew.

"Ah, Tilton," said the old merchant looking up, "I want to see you and find out if you can give an explanation of——"

Before he could finish, his respected chief clerk, with trembling limbs, pale face, and halting voice, almost fell upon his knees and poured out the whole story of his deception.

"Where did you say you went?" asked the merchant, wondering whether to be angry or amused.

"Tried to go!" corrected Mr. Tilton meekly. "Why the Friv—but didn't you see my photograph in the paper?"

"What paper?" demanded Mr. Lyne, staring at him in blank astonishment,

"The *Mercury*. They showed me s-standin the crowd," said the chief clerk miserably.

Mr. Lyne turned round to reach a table behind him; he was smiling.

"Show me which is you," he said shortly, producing a copy of the paper and turning to the photograph in question.

"T-that," said Mr. Tilton, humbly pointing to his portrait.

"Umph!" said his employer; "I should not have recognised it, and I don't suppose anyone else would. It was your guilty conscience, Tilton."

"Yes," said the clerk dismally, and waited for his employer to go on.

"Under the circumstances I shall overlook your deception, Tilton. I think you have suffered sufficiently. If you had told me the real reason I should most certainly have granted you the holiday. I cannot see anything very wrong in your desire to attend the performance. But all this does not explain what I wanted to see you about. How is it that I have a letter from your wife condoling with me on the loss of a nephew?"

Mr. Lyne picked up a letter from his desk and peered sharply at his agitated clerk.

Again Mr. Tilton realised how hard are the ways of those who go astray.

"I—er—told her, that is, led her to believe that you had lost a relative to—to account for my wearing black yesterday."

"Oh!" said the merchant.

"I'm very sorry," said the clerk.

And the merchant knew he meant it.

"I presume your wife does not know of—of—shall we say your little lapse?"

"Oh, no," gasped Mr. Tilton, trembling at the thought.

The old merchant's eyes were twinkling.

"We will say no more about this incident, Tilton; let it be forgotten. On receiving your wife's letter this morning I wrote to her stating that she was labouring under a delusion in regard to the death of a nephew of mine, but saying that I was sorry that your *aunt's* death should have so upset *you*."

The merchant paused, and the little clerk felt that his cup of misery was full to the brim.

"I expect," continued Mr. Lyne, indicating with a wave of his hand that the interview was over, "I expect she will have something to say on the subject."

* * * * *

She had!

* * * * *

Mr. Tilton is once again a pattern of respectability in Brixton and in the City, but should business take him past a magnificent building in Shaftesbury Avenue he shudders and closes his eyes, and he no longer takes the *Mercury*.

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Some Observances in Connection with Royalty not Generally Known.

By T. C. Bridges.

There was a time, and not so very remote either, when social intercourse in the true sense of the word between a king and his subjects hardly existed. Times have changed and customs happily have changed with them. Nowadays a monarch is no longer hedged round with a host of absurd conventions and restrictions. Pomp and state are reserved for public appearances, and the private life of a king—and, above all, of an English king—does not greatly differ from that of his more wealthy subjects.

Yet there are in existence, and rightly so, many small rules and punctilios of etiquette, a knowledge of which is essential to those brought into personal contact with the King and his Consort, and which may prove interesting to those who have not had that privilege.

King Edward has a very large number of friends among both peers and commoners, and he frequently does these the honour of staying at their houses. There are certain points about the etiquette of royal visits which are distinctly peculiar. It may be remembered that it was after his visit to Lord Londesborough in 1871 that the King, then Prince of Wales, contracted the typhoid fever which so very nearly ended his life. Consequently, any house at which he now goes to stay is first overhauled from top to bottom, the drainage system being especially inspected. A royal suite of rooms absolutely self-contained is made ready, usually with a private entrance into a garden set aside entirely for the distinguished visitors. Royalty invariably bring their own servants, and quarters are prepared also for these.

Nowadays the only meal at which royalty are expected to appear at their host's table is dinner, so arrangements are made for serving breakfast, and if necessary lunch, in their own apartments. As most people are aware, a list of guests invited to meet Their Majesties must be submitted to the King prior to his visit. This is sometimes added to or otherwise revised, and royal wishes in this respect are looked upon as commands.

When the Queen accompanies His Majesty, knee-breeches and silk stockings are *de rigueur* for men, but not so when the King visits *en garçon*. A certain baronet entertaining the King—then Prince of Wales—for the first time, and, unfortunately, ignorant of this regulation, appeared at his door to receive His Royal Highness arrayed, as to his lower limbs, in breeches and stockings. The Prince took the first opportunity of whispering: "Slip upstairs, my dear fellow, and change those things. They are not worn unless the Princess is with me." The baronet did a lightning change, and was back in the drawing-room properly arrayed, almost before the Prince had reached the room.

When the King or Queen sign their names

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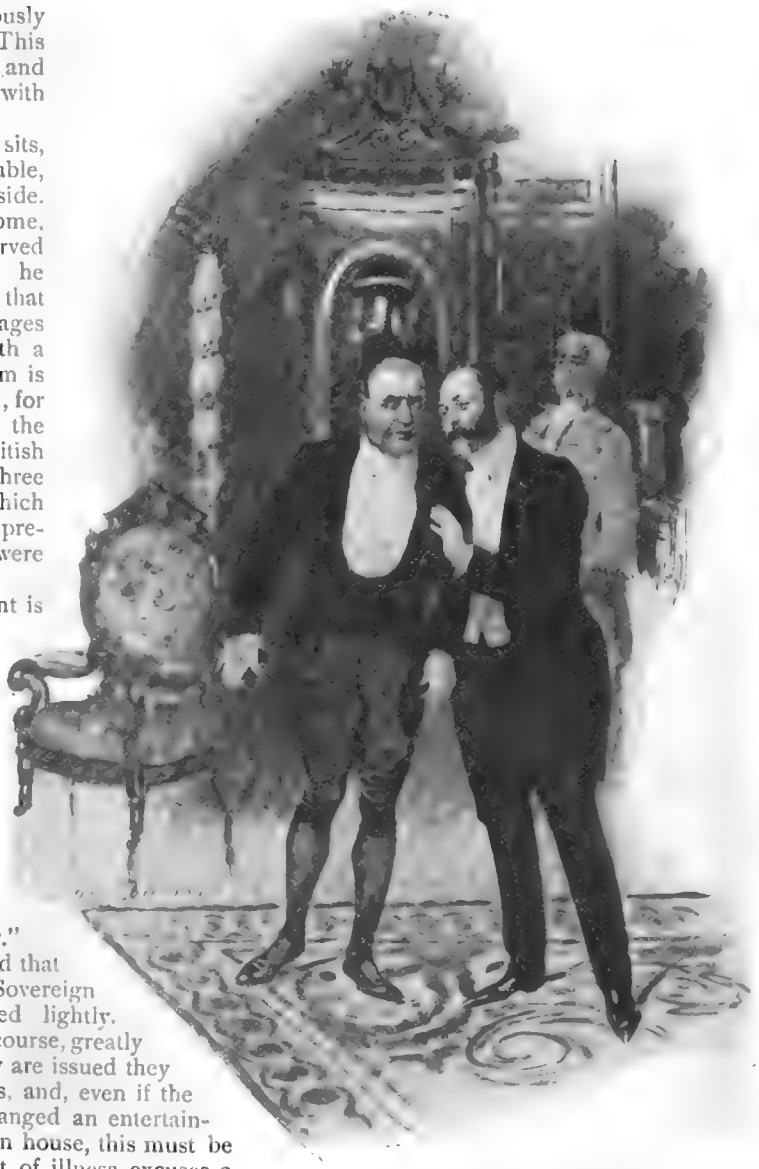
in the visitors' book a new pen must always be provided. This is not used by the other guests or even the host or hostess unless it be handed to them by Their Majesties. In connection with this, a story is told of King Edward's visit to the great Roman Catholic College at Maynooth. A magnificent gold pen had been provided for the purpose of signing his name in the visitors' book, but when it was offered the King paused and inquired if the college did not possess a pen which had been used previously by Pope Leo XIII. This was at once found, and used by His Majesty with evident pleasure.

At dinner the King sits, not at the head of the table, but in the centre of one side. This is his custom at home, and the same is observed in all houses where he visits. It is etiquette that only the royal personages should be provided with a menu. But this custom is not invariably observed, for at a banquet which the King gave at the British Embassy in Paris three years ago, and at which President Loubet was present, all the guests were provided with menus.

Another curious point is that finger-glasses at dessert are conspicuous by their absence. This tradition dates, of course, from Jacobite days, when some ill-affected guest might have held his glass across the bowl in symbol of drinking to the king "across the water."

It need hardly be said that invitations to meet the Sovereign are not to be treated lightly. Such invitations are, of course, greatly coveted, but when they are issued they still rank as commands, and, even if the invited person has arranged an entertainment at his or her own house, this must be put off. Nothing short of illness excuses a refusal to meet royalty. Also no one must dream of leaving until the principal guest has retired. The late Mr. Gladstone once wrote to the King—then Prince of Wales—apologising most deeply because he had early left a dinner at Lord Alcester's house without first asking His Royal Highness' leave to do so.

Neither the Queen nor the Princess of Wales can ever, in any circumstances, be entertained by a bachelor, and Queen



"Slip upstairs, my dear fellow, and change those things. They are not worn unless the Princess is with me."

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Alexandra has, we believe, never been one of a racing house-party except at Goodwood.

One more point about entertaining royalty is, that if the royal guests be in mourning, a not infrequent occurrence owing to the immense number of their relatives, every other guest must appear in exactly the same degree of mourning as that prevailing at Court.

Presently a butler handed a silver salver to the delinquent "with the Prince of Wales' compliments."

If royalty does a lady the honour of paying her a call, it is etiquette for the latter to deny herself to all other callers during the visit, and, in returning such a call, the visitor must not dream of rising to go until a sign of dismissal be given by her hostess. This rule holds good with members of all European reigning houses.

When the Sovereign or heir to the throne accepts an invitation to a ball, dancing must not begin until the arrival of the royal guests, and if a Princess takes part in any round dance, it is not good form for any other couple to occupy the floor at the same time. At one time this rule was absolute, but nowadays it is frequently broken at the express desire of the royal ladies themselves. It is also contrary to precedent that any foreign visitor to this country who has not been presented at Court should be invited to a ball to meet the King or Queen.

The King, though no stickler for etiquette, yet never permits unwarranted liberties of any kind. There is a story illustrating this which may or may not be apocryphal. A good many years ago the King—or Prince of Wales as he was then—dined with a certain duke. One of the guests—a personal friend of the King—sat down to table wearing a black tie. Presently a butler handed a silver salver to the delinquent "with the Prince of Wales' compliments." Upon the salver was a regulation white tie.

The following, however, is true, and well illustrates His Majesty's gift of keen observation. The late Earl of Beaconsfield attended a Levee at Marlborough House, wearing, as he fully supposed, correct Court dress. Presently the Prince approached, and smiling, whispered something to him. The Prime Minister started and looked down. Behold, his lower man was clothed in the breeches of the Trinity House, of which Lord Beaconsfield was an Elder Brother. His valet had laid them out, and he had put them on without ever noticing the difference. Neither, apparently, had anyone else except the Prince.

The late Mr. J. L. Toole once said to the King before he came to the throne: "When Your Royal Highness smiles at a piece it is a success; when you laugh at a piece it becomes a fortune." That being the case, no wonder then that any theatrical manager receives with joy an intimation that the King proposes to visit his theatre. At one time a Royal visit to the play was attended by much formality. It is still customary that the manager should meet the King at the private entrance and escort him to his box, but in old days the unhappy man had to walk backwards, holding a lighted candle in each hand. Not unnaturally, this practice ended

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in disaster. One night when George IV. was visiting Covent Garden the manager caught his heel, and sat down with considerable emphasis. The candles went out, and the royal party was left groping in the dark.

It is an understood thing that no public announcement must be made of a forthcoming royal visit to the theatre. Upon one occasion, when this rule was broken, the personage in question never arrived at all. A carpet is, of course, laid upon the pavement, and an awning erected. All theatres that possess a royal box have an ante-room at the back of it, where coffee and liqueurs are served. Special programmes, printed on white satin, are provided for the use of the royal party.

At one time it was customary for the orchestra to strike up the National Anthem at the King's entrance. This practice was stopped at the instance, we believe, of the King himself, as was that of the audience rising at his entrance. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that His Majesty invariably pays for his seats in a theatre just like any private person.

A curious old Court custom is that when an heir to the throne is born, the captain who happens to be on guard at the time at St. James's Palace should receive his majority. Guard was changed at ten minutes to two on the morning of November 9th, 1841, or practically at the very minute when our present monarch was born. Consequently a dispute arose as to which officer was entitled to promotion, but we believe that the captain of the first guard was successful in his claim.

Another survival of mediævalism is the tradition that his subjects should know nothing of the health of their monarch. A curious relic of this old custom still exists. Neither during his desperate attack of typhoid nor at the time of his more recent operation was there any mention of the King's illnesses in the *Court Circular*.

Many of the old traditions have fallen into abeyance. For instance, at one time all members of the Royal Family were escorted to Levees or Drawing Rooms by guards of household cavalry. Not only has this been discontinued, but the Princess Royal herself has practically merged her rank in that of a British peeress. After their marriage the Duke of Fife dismissed the guard when the carriage emerged from Hyde Park.

Gone, too, is the old custom of Dukes or Duchesses claiming audience of the Sovereign at will. Theoretically they still possess the privilege, but it is a long time since it was last exercised.

With regard to presents made to royalty Queen Alexandra has laid down the rule that she never accepts a present from anyone with whom she is not personally acquainted.

One night when George IV. was visiting Covent Garden the manager caught his heel and sat down with considerable emphasis.

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THE QUESTS of PAUL BECK.

No. IV.—THE SPANISH PRISONER.

By M. McDonnell Bodkin, K.C.

This is the Fourth Story of this Remarkable Series. Each of Which is Complete in Itself. Mr. Beck, the Famous Detective, is Again Triumphant in the Face of Appa·en'ly Insuperable Difficulties.

Mr. Beck often looked in casually to a London police court. Sometimes a seemingly trivial case put him on the track of a great crime. He had been puzzling over the gigantic fraud of "The Spanish Prisoner," which, worked by a gang of accomplished, unscrupulous scoundrels, yearly numbers its dupes by thousands, and its plunder by hundreds of thousands. Mr. Beck's services had been requisitioned by a wealthy victim, and he was laying his plans to strike the conspiracy at its headquarters, and had even gone so far as to study the language.

By a strange coincidence, "Spanish Prisoner" were the first words he heard as he dropped into the Westminster police court. The silence of the squalid crowd that thronged the Court made it plain that a case of more than ordinary interest was in progress. The magistrate—a bald-headed man who generally lay back bored by the dreary monotony of his work—leant forward eagerly, with eyes that glanced quickly from the dock to the witness chair.

In a moment Mr. Beck recognised the voice of the witness. It was Mr. Jonas Millbank, M.P. for a North of England constituency—able, wealthy, and eminently respectable.

"Surely he has not been caught by this transparent fraud," thought the detective, as the police respectfully made way for him to a place where he could see and hear.

Mr. Millbank, M.P., was a good-looking man, about forty years of age. His mouth was firm lipped, nose large, and the cheek bones high, indicating the canny Northern breed. But the light blue eyes looked you straight in the face, frank and smiling.

"She claims, I believe, to be a daughter of this Spanish Prisoner," he said at the moment that Mr. Beck dropped into his seat.

"She!" Mr. Beck's eyes went straight to the dock and opened wide with surprise.

He thought he had never seen a more beautiful girl. She seemed wholly out of place amid her dismal surroundings. The gay colours of her Spanish dress would have overtaxed a beauty less resplendent; they ministered to hers. The warm, lustrous tints of cheek and lips, the brilliancy of her great, black eyes, the rich coils of her ebony hair piled on her shapely head, and breaking here and there into an unruly ringlet that fell to her shoulder—all challenged admiration as a right. She stood up in the dock straight and tall, her head well thrown back, her dark eyes fixed with angry light on the witness.

"Do you know the girl, Mr. Millbank?" asked the magistrate respectfully.

"Never saw her in my life before to-day, your worship."

A low cry came from the prisoner. She spoke a word or two in Spanish. Whatever might be the meaning of the words, there was no mistaking the anger in her voice. Her eyes blazed on Mr. Millbank's face, a thin, white line showed her teeth through the parted red lips.

"How then do you account for the annoyance, Mr. Millbank?"

"I cannot account for it, your worship. I can only tell you the facts."

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Mr. Millbank was putting the magistrate in his place. His worship meekly accepted the correction. The witness went on:

"About six months ago, your worship, I received this curious letter from Spain:

DEAR FRIEND, — You will not have forgotten me. I am in trouble and danger, and to you I cry for help. But, first, I will tell you my sad story. I am a prisoner in this town, and it is for debt. You will say, what is that? can it be thus for my friend that I have known? He was rich, and I am still rich, my dear friend, but my treasure is buried and I cannot come to it. In crossing from the mountains we buried it to escape the cruel guard who were close on our track. It is in coin and jewels, and value twenty thousand pounds of your English money.

Now you will say, what am I to do in this? My friend, as you know, I have a daughter. She was but a child when you saw her last, now she has grown to a woman and is very beautiful. I trust her in all things, but there is none other I can trust, only you. She has a map of the spot where the treasure is hid. This she will give to you. It is a place easily found. You will not be suspected. When the treasure is restored, I will desire that you shall take a full third part for your share; the remainder will suffice for my daughter and myself. Come quickly, come at once, dear friend, for we have much need of you. ALOROSO DE CASTRO.

"The usual thing," commented the magistrate, when he had himself glanced at the letter. "I have seen scores of these same letters published in *The Looking-Glass*. Never got one myself, I'm proud to say. What did you do about it, Mr. Millbank?"

"Nothing, your worship, just threw it aside and let it lie. It is a mere chance I found it again."

"You did not communicate with the police?"

"What was the use—the police can do nothing. I got a number of further letters, which I mislaid, with the same signature."

"You know nothing of the man, of course?"

"Never heard of him before; if indeed there is such a man."

"Or the mythical beautiful daughter?"

"The prisoner claims to be the beautiful daughter."

"You don't say so!" The magistrate put on his spectacles for a better view of the girl in the dock. "There is always a beautiful daughter in these cases, but this is the first time she has materialised. This seems a new trick in the old game. She molested you in the street, you say. When?"

"Yesterday, your worship, Being in town for a few days, I took the opportunity to hunt up a butler in one of the registry offices. I found the accused looking, or pretending to look, for employment. When she heard my name she flew at me like a tigress. I know a little Spanish, I have travelled in Spain, but she spoke so quickly I could only make out that she charged me with having robbed her father of twenty thousand pounds.

'I tried to soothe her. I said I knew nothing of her father or herself. But she only cried in Spanish the louder: 'Oh, you know him and you know me.'

"To avoid disturbance I left the place, but she followed me into the street, calling me 'a traitor to friendship.' A crowd gathered and some of them began to hustle me when the policeman came up, and I was reluctantly obliged to give the girl in charge. I wish your worship to deal leniently with her; I only want to be protected from annoyance."

"The case is a grave one," said the magistrate. "The girl is plainly in some way connected with the gang of swindlers who are plundering the unwary."

"She may be the dupe, your worship," suggested Mr. Millbank kindly. "I have been a good deal in Spain, and more than once in Seville. She may mistake me for someone else."

"You have no knowledge of her?"

"None."

"Hers is a remarkable face, not likely to be forgotten?"

"I never saw her face before."

"You hear what the gentleman says, prisoner," said the magistrate. "Do you understand English?"

"A little, señor."

"He says he never saw you before."

"He is the liar, the villain, the coward, the thief! He rob my father who is in prison, rob him of much gold, I say again."

"Come, come, my girl, you must not say that again. I cannot allow such language in Court. Is the prisoner professionally represented?"

"I appear for the prisoner," said a tall, cadaverous-looking man, with a long, yellow face and a long, shiny black coat, buttoned close up to the throat.

"Kindly tell her she must restrain herself."

"You must conduct yourself reasonably, miss," said Mr. Hastings, "or I cannot continue to appear for you."

Undeterred by this terrible threat, the girl broke out again: "I speak the truth, and he the lies. His friend's money he has stolen; his friend that trusted him; his friend, my father, that is in prison. Ah!"

Her anger overflowed the limits of her broken English, and broke out in a rushing

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torrent of sonorous Spanish. Her gestures were splendid as she denounced the imperturbable Mr. Millbank.

Mr. Beck's recent study of the language enabled him to fish up a word or two out of the rushing stream.

"He is a traitor," she cried at last, "and I will have my revenge."

Then, to the surprise of all in Court, she whipped a short poniard from her girdle, held it in the air, and so stood with black eyes blazing—a statue of vengeance incarnate.

The magistrate jumped on the Bench. "Silence!" he shouted. "Constable, take the knife from the young woman."

The young woman put the dagger quietly back in its place, but kept her hand on the hilt, and the constable made no attempt to capture it.

"This is a grave case," the magistrate went on, "and I fear I must deal with it seriously. I would willingly give effect to Mr. Millbank's merciful views, which I must say do him much credit under the circumstances. But I have a duty to the public. Here is a very dangerous young woman plainly in league with a corrupt gang. I fear I must inflict a sharp term of imprisonment."

"Might I interrupt for one moment, your worship?"

"What's that? Oh, Mr. Beck, glad to see you; certainly, Mr. Beck. What do you wish to say?"

"Could your worship see your way to letting the prisoner out on bail to be of good behaviour?"

"There is no one to go bail for her."

"I will go bail for any amount you please."

"I should be very glad, Mr. Beck, but——"

"Don't say 'but,' your worship. I'm sure I can convince you if you will kindly give me a word in private."

Five minutes' conversation between Mr. Millbank, Mr. Beck, and the magistrate settled the matter. Mr. Beck undertook that Mr. Millbank should have no further annoyance from the girl, whom he meant to send back to Spain as soon as possible. Meantime, he hoped she might drop a hint which would put him on the track of the gang who worked the fraud.

"If necessary," he added to the magistrate, when the other had left, "I will have Mr. Millbank watched and protected without his having the least suspicion."

The young girl was in quite another mood when they returned to Court. The fit of passion had passed and left her limp. The constable had told her she would surely be hanged, and she made a pitiful appeal to the magistrate for mercy.

Mr. Beck, watching her closely, as, with streaming eyes, she prayed for her life, thought to himself she would make the finest actress on the stage.

"It is all right, my girl," he said reassuringly, "you are not going to be hurt this time." Then, with an effort, he managed to screw out a few kindly words in Spanish.

At the familiar sound, she turned to him in eager delight, and simply smothered him with a melodious torrent of speech.

"All right," he protested, when at last he could get a word in, "tell me the rest at your leisure. You are to come with me, if you don't mind; we'll take a hansom to your place. Where are you staying?"

But when she gave him the address he said: "No, that won't do. That is not the place at all for a nice-looking girl like you, my dear. Cabby, drive to Dickens' Private Hotel, Norfolk Street.

"The landlady," he explained to the girl, in stumbling Spanish, "is a great friend of mine and will take care of you. Now tell me your name. I'll have to introduce you."

"Aurora de Castro." The termagant had vanished. A school girl, shy and grateful, was beside him in the hansom, and for the first time the conviction came to Mr. Beck that the girl—whatever else she might be—was a lady born.

"Look here, Aurora! I may call you Aurora?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, if you will tell me the truth I will do what I can for you."

"You will release my father; you will restore our treasure; you will punish this most wicked man?"

"Perhaps," said Mr. Beck drily; "we'll see about that. I want your story first, if you please; but here we are at the hotel."

Mrs. Cunningham, manageress and proprietress, met them in the hall—a good-humoured Irishwoman whom twenty years of residence in London had not robbed of her mellifluous brogue.

"Ah, then good day to you, Mr. Beck," she said cheerily, "and whom have we here?"—with a swift glance at the brilliant figure in the cab. "I'm ashamed of you going about in hansom cabs with your Italian countesses," she exclaimed mockingly, "and at your time

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of life, too. An elderly person like myself would be more suitable."

"That's all right," said the placid Mr. Beck. "I want you to do me a great favour, Mrs. Cunningham."

"If I can, I will," she answered at once, "you may take that for granted."

"Well, you must take care of this young lady for me, and keep an eye on her comings and goings and her visitors, if any."

"But, my dear Mr Beck, isn't she a 'leetle' remarkable for a quiet place like mine?"

"Don't worry about that. She's Spanish and she's a lady, and she'll dress as quietly as you like. I want you to see to all that later on. Meanwhile, will you let us have lunch in a private room. I must have a chat with her before I leave. Come in, Aurora," he said at the cab door, "I want to introduce you to my friend Mrs. Cunningham, who'll take care of you."

"Let me show you your room, my dear," said the good-natured Irishwoman, captivated by the beauty and gentle manners of the girl; "you are lucky to have found a friend in Mr. Beck."

Half-an-hour later Mr. Beck and the daughter of the Spanish Prisoner sat down to a comfortable little luncheon in a private room, though Mrs. Cunningham, at the door, protested to Mr. Beck she was "shocked at his goings on."

Mr. Beck refused to hear a word of her story till the girl had finished her luncheon. "You cannot eat and talk," he said, "and you must be hungry."

He was right there. No nibbler of fragments was this young Spanish beauty. She ate with the hearty appetite of youth and health, and Mr. Beck watched approvingly.

"I had only a cup of coffee and nothing this morning," she explained, as she pushed away her plate at last and sipped a glass of light wine.

"Now," said Mr. Beck, "what is it all about?"

"He is a traitor," she said, with a sudden flash of her old anger.

"That's all right," he chimed in soothingly. "You said that before, you know, and we'll take that for granted. But your father—is he the Spanish prisoner?"

"My father, alas! is still in prison, and his treasure is stolen."

"We will never get any further at this rate; begin at the beginning. Tell me all about your father?"

"His name? It is Don Aloroso de Castro. My mother died when I was born. He has no other child. He was very rich, but, alas! now he is no longer rich; his treasure has been stolen."

"I know all that," interpolated Mr. Beck, "we'll come to that later on. What was your father before he became a Spanish prisoner?"

"My father was a banker at Konda. You know it is about forty miles from Cadiz. We have also a house at Cadiz, but chiefly we lived at Konda. He had much treasure in his bank, gold, notes, and jewellery, and many customers. He was for Don Carlos, of course."

"For what did you say?"

"For Don Carlos, the true King of Spain—a man, not a foolish boy whom they dress in king's clothes. You are for Don Carlos, are you not, Don Becko?"

"Well, I have not quite made up my mind yet," Don Becko answered sedately. "I'll think it over; meanwhile go on with your story."

"My father he helped Don Carlos with money, and even bought arms for him which were stored in the bank vaults and carried away at night. The Civil Guard knew nothing of all this, but after a while even they suspected. There were whispers in Cadiz and the sound of them came across the mountain to Konda. So my father thought he would be wise to leave Konda and come to Cadiz. For you see, while we were at Konda, the Carlists would come to the house."

"I see," assented Mr. Beck shortly; "a case of save me from my friends."

She only half caught his meaning.

"From our friends, no, from our enemies—the friends of the tyrant. We did not wish to go. But I feared for him and he for me, and so it was agreed upon. The bank was closed and our debts were paid—all except one to a great friend of my father who lived in Cadiz, and to him we were bringing the money. But you shall hear. It was—I cannot count in your English—seven, eight, nine, ten weeks since we set out to cross the mountains. The Civil Guard offered to protect us, but we would not. My father asked them to protect instead, the bank, where it was thought the treasure still lay, for we put it out that we were going only on a visit to Cadiz, and would return.

"So we two started early in the morning, hoping to reach Cadiz by nightfall. We rode on mules with a third mule to carry the baggage, and amongst the rest of the baggage there was a leather portmanteau in which the treasure was packed."

Mr. Beck made a mental note of the

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portmanteau. It was a coincidence that all Spanish prisoners' stories ran on the same lines; there was always a leather portmanteau.

"We brought with us no servants, to avoid suspicion. Our household remained for the time in Konda. There are two roads from Konda to Cadiz as you must know, Don Becko?"

"Cannot say I do exactly," said Mr. Beck modestly.

"We chose the longer but the easier of the two. It was fortunate for us we did so. For miles it lay through the valley with bordering vineyards and olive groves—a smooth and pleasant road where the mules went forward swiftly. Already four leagues lay behind, when we came to the place at the entrance to the pass where the two roads meet, and began together to climb up into the mountain.

"By this time the sun was nearly straight over us, and the sky was like the lid of an oven closing in the heat upon the roasting earth, for there was no cloud nor wind. The mules sweated under their loads and the heat pressed upon us like a weight. Our shadows were no more than round blots on the burnt ground.

"We welcomed the shelter and coolness of the inn that stood at the meeting of the roads. The cup of cold wine and water was what the souls in purgatory pray for. My father, exhausted by the heat, lay indoors, till the anger of the sun should have passed. But for me I sat in a summer-house in the garden, where the thatch of green leaves was so thick that no sun could enter, and so slipped softly into sleep.

"The sound of strange voices got mixed with my dreams, till I suddenly woke to know they were real. Close by the summer-house where I lay the road ran, and by the roadside, under the trees, were men resting and talking. They spoke of Don Carlos and the Civil Guard, and suddenly I heard my father's name. 'Don Aloroso,' said the rough voice of an old man. 'Don Aloroso goes to meet the friends of Don Carlos on the mountain. But the Civil Guard have heard of it and pursue them. This morning a company went down by the shortest road to Konda to arrest him.'

"'I hear he gives money, much money, to Don Carlos,' said a shriller voice of youth. 'By Bacchus, if I had money, it should go for wine.'

"'It is but a mile now to my house where there is a skinful of the best in Spain,' the first voice answered, and then the noise of their speech passed slowly out of my hearing

"I had heard enough. My sleep was over for the day. Going swiftly down to the *posáda*, I woke my father and told him what I had heard. It frightened him, Don Becko, though he is not a man easily made afraid. 'My little girl,' he said, 'it is ruin if they catch us with this treasure in our possession. They will swear, as these country fools have said, we bring it to Don Carlos. It means death for me, and for my little girl poverty and the misery that comes with poverty. We must start instantly.'

"Then, though the sun was still high up in the heavens, we resumed our journey at once, urging the mules to their best speed. On from this inn the pathway climbed the mountain, winding through the rocks and passing here and there over a ledge that made one dizzy to look down from.

"But the mules moved without fear, planting their feet as steadily on the narrow ledge as on the broad high road. The air grew cooler as we climbed, and the country below lay wide and lovely in the sunshine. Like the narrow lines of a map we could distinguish far beneath us the roads that lead out of Konda.

"My father had brought with him a field glass, and every now and then he turned to scan the roads back to the horizon's edge. 'Safe so far, Aurora,' he would say to me after each long look, and urge the mules to better speed.

"When we had reached almost to the ridge of the pass where the pathway begins to run down hill towards Cadiz, my father stopped for a last look at the ribbons of road that ran through the plain far below.

"He started, looked again long and steadily, then handed the glasses to me. 'Your eyes are younger than mine, my child,' he said.

"I swept the road back from the foot of the hill to the horizon's edge, and found at last what I sought yet did not wish to find. Rocks and trees, small and dim in the distance, grew large and clear as they glided into the range of the glasses. The ribbon widened into a rugged road, and along it mounted men—small as toy soldiers, but clear beyond mistaking—moved swiftly up towards the mountain.

"'They will overtake us before we reach Cadiz,' groaned my father.

"'We might hide,' I hinted.

"'Impossible, impossible; they must have already seen us. But yet—oh, there is some

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hope yet, we might hide the portmanteau with the money and papers. They dare not arrest us without some proof. Quick, child, quick! It is an hour before they are here, and now the ridge hides us from view.'

"We urged the mules just over the edge of the pass, and then looked around for a likely hiding-place.

"By the side of the track on a terrace in the flank of the hill was a Moorish ruin—shrine, or fortress, I cannot say—sheltered from the north wind by three tall pines, the centre of the three bent so."

With a few deft, bold strokes of a pencil she drew on a sheet of note-paper the scene she had described.

"As quickly as we could we carried the portmanteau down to the terrace, and found by good fortune just what we looked for. The walls and roof had crumbled in. The place looked a solid mass of masonry, overgrown with wild vines and weeds. But circling it I spied on the side that faced the valley, faintly showing through the thick overgrowth, the outline of a stone or two cut in the fashion of a Moorish arch.

"We drew the wild vines and creepers apart, and found a window in the wall about two yards from the ground. My father climbed to the window. I helped to lift the portmanteau to him, and he pushed it through, lowering it gently to the ground. Then we re-arranged the curtain of wild vine, with its close cluster of small berries, till no sign of window or arch was visible.

"An hour later, when two of the Civil Guard came softly over the ridge of the pass, they found a man and girl resting in an angle of the track with their mules tethered close by.

"There were the remains of a slight repast. . . . The girl was sketching the lovely view."

"There were the remains of a slight repast—bread and fruit and a flagon of wine. The man was restfully smoking a cigarette, and the girl was sketching the lovely view with a Moorish ruin and three tall pine-trees in the foreground. Oh, Don Becko, you will understand?"

"A map of the place," said Mr. Beck.

She nodded. "You understand; even before their very eyes I drew it. But they never for one moment suspected.

"The leader of the band, Don Fabrice, I knew. I had met him before. I had danced with him."

Mr. Beck noted that the frank and easy narrative suddenly became abrupt and disjointed.

"My father invited Don Fabrice to eat with us. He would not. One would have thought we were the police, and he the fugitive, he looked so frightened.

"'Don Aloroso,' he blurted out, 'I come

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on a most unpleasant duty. I have been sent to seize certain treasure, which it is said you carry to agents of Don Carlos, and to arrest you for high treason. I crave your pardon, and yours, Donna Aurora, but if I had refused the duty it would have been intrusted to another less considerate.' He looked aside at a tall man, also in the uniform of an officer, who stood apart glowering—Don Rodrigo, whom also I knew and liked not.

"My father smiled and rolled a cigarette between his fingers. 'Trouble yourself not, my friend,' he said. 'You are welcome to the treasure if you find it.'

"Why should I weary you with a long story, Don Becko? They searched our baggage and found—nothing. Don Rodrigo searched closest and was savage at his failure. He was rude in manner and question. Twice I thought that he and Don Fabrice would have drawn swords on each other.

"At last, even Don Rodrigo was convinced there was no treasure—neither dreamt we had hidden it. Why should we hide it when we had had no notice of their coming? Don Fabrice was most kind, and even Don Rodrigo made a sulky apology.

"There is little more to be told. They both came down with us to Cadiz, Don Fabrice riding at my rein, and the other a score of paces behind.

"For awhile all went well at Cadiz. Suspicion was at rest, and my father was planning a little excursion into the hills, which were only a few hours' ride from Cadiz, when suddenly he was arrested for debt at the suit of Don Ambrosio de Legna.

"Don Ambrosio was a friend whom my father loved and trusted. But he wanted me to marry him and was furious when I refused him. He had money in our bank at Konda. Somehow, he learnt we had brought no money with us to Cadiz. The day after our return he asked me again to be his wife, and when I again refused he had my father thrown into prison for debt.

"I was in great trouble, Don Becko. My father could not help me. I dared not tell Don Fabrice of his persecution, or there would be a duello, and I dared not slip away to the mountains for our treasure to pay my father's debt, for Don Rodrigo was always at my heels.

"It was then we thought of writing to Don Millbank in London."

"You knew him before?" asked Mr. Beck.

"Oh, yes, for five years. We were in Toledo when I was so high." She set a shapely brown hand within half-a-yard of the floor to indicate her height. "One night it seems the Englishman had been rude to a girl. I hardly know the story, I was so young then. Her lover was angry. He had a knife drawn and would have stabbed the Englishman, but my father struck it from his hand. That night the Englishman came home to supper. He was grateful, oh, so grateful to my father. He called him the saviour of his life, and asked us both to come and see him in England. Behold, I alone have come to find him."

The girl's full red lips tightened, and the angry light rekindled in her black eyes.

"That's all right, my dear," put in Mr. Beck soothingly; "go on with your story. Did Mr. Millbank go to Spain when your father wrote to him?"

"At once, oh, at once, he was so kind. All we wanted he would do, and would take no reward. Then I gave him my sketch of the place, and told him where to look; and so one morning he rode away to the mountains, promising to bring the treasure back the same evening. But he never came back, and then I knew he was a liar and a thief. I suspected him when I saw him, but my father trusted him."

"What next?" asked Mr. Beck. "Go on with your story; it's interesting."

"I sold my trinkets and my watch, and I followed him here. There was a man in London I knew. He was what you call a butler when we lived in Toledo. Afterwards they say he was in trouble, and joined the bandits. What do I know? It was only talk. But he left the country and came to London. I wrote to him, and he found a room for me, and told me where I might find your Mr. Millbank."

"Not mine," protested Mr. Beck; "I claim no share of him."

"Oh, you believe in him," she answered quickly. "He is what you call respectable. He will not steal—is it not so?"

She looked keenly in his face and read nothing there but blank good-nature, and turned from him with quick impatience.

"But Pedro believes in me; Pedro knows me well. Oh, I should not have spoken—I should not have told you his name!"

"Perhaps not," retorted Mr. Beck. "Pedro seems a modest and retiring kind of gentleman. If I were you I would not trouble him any more in this business. Will you promise you will have nothing more to say to Pedro on the subject?"

She hesitated for a moment. "Yes," she

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said slowly at last, "I will promise." She looked away from Mr. Beck's steady gaze as she said it.

"One thing more," he added. "I want to change your Spanish money for English notes or gold."

"Certainly; it is not much." She bundled some small notes and a few Spanish gold pieces out of her purse, and gave them into his broad palm without a look at what he offered in exchange.

"Well, good-bye," he said; "steer clear of Pedro till we meet. Mrs. Cunningham will take care of you. I hope to see you again in a week or a fortnight at furthest."

"But you will help me to find the treasure?"

"Yes, I will help you to find the truth," he answered gravely.

The girl flung herself back into the chair as the door closed after Mr. Beck and laughed softly to herself with a laugh like the pleased purr of a cat. "That's all right," she murmured in Spanish; "he is a clever man, this Don Becko. We will see."

* * * * *

"A man for me?" said Mr. Millbank. "All right, show him in." It was the day after his appearance in the police-court, and he was having late breakfast in his private room at the Grand Hotel.

A middle-aged, stoutly-built man, dressed plainly but not shabbily, came quietly into the room, carrying a new top hat awkwardly in his hand.

"I come about the situation, sir," he began respectfully before Mr. Millbank could question him. "I understand you are on the look-out for a butler, and I come to offer myself."

"Why not apply through the registry office?" queried Mr. Millbank.

"Because I believe in direct dealings, sir. I like to come to headquarters. Here are my testimonials."

He took a bundle of letters from his pocket and laid them respectfully on the breakfast table.

They were all excellent. One from the Duchess of Southern found special favour with Mr. Millbank.

He knew her Grace's handwriting. He had seen it often and always with pleasure on delicate invitations to dinner or dance, for her Grace was a social leader of the party to which he belonged.

"I have much pleasure"—the letter ran—"in strongly recommending Mr. Marshall for the position of butler. While in my service he proved himself invaluable. He is sober, honest, and most trustworthy—a capital waiter and always at hand when he is required. From what I know of him I feel sure he will discharge efficiently any duties he may undertake."

"The Duchess is very complimentary," said Mr. Millbank smiling; "why did you leave her?"

"I wanted a holiday, sir. The work was hard and responsible."

"You will find my work lighter," said Mr. Millbank.

"I trust so, sir."

"I certainly do not entertain on the same scale as the Duchess, nor do I pay the same wages."

"Wages are no great consideration with me, sir, if I can give satisfaction."

"I think you will suit me. Can you come at once?"

"At once, sir."

"The Duchess will recommend you, I suppose?"

"She said she would be glad to give me a strong personal recommendation, sir, at any time."

"I'm afraid she is out of town at present. Well, I may see her later on. She is a very intimate friend of mine. Meanwhile, you may come at once if the terms suit."

The terms suited Mr. Marshall. He showed himself easily pleased in money matters, and the upshot of the interview was that he returned with Mr. Millbank to his handsome villa residence, which stood in its own ground, five miles away, clear of the smoke and tumult of London, but was brought close by train, telegraph, and telephone to the heart of the great city.

For three whole days Mr. Marshall proved himself a model butler. On the third day Mr. Millbank gave a little bachelors' dinner, and everything went off splendidly. The attendance was perfect, the champagne was cooled and the claret warmed to precisely the right point. That night Mr. Millbank flattered himself he had found a treasure. The next night he changed his mind.

He returned home late from dining in the City, let himself in quietly with his latchkey, and entering the dining-room found the electric light turned on to the full, his model butler lolling in an easy chair blind drunk, with a half filled bottle of port on the table in front of him, and two empty bottles on the carpet beside his chair.

One glass, at least, had gone the wrong way, as was shown by a broad, dark crimson stain on the white damask. Mr. Marshall's

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face, usually so placid, wore a very truculent expression in liquor. With the first quick glance Mr. Millbank noticed the butt of a big revolver bulging from his pocket.

The drunken butler did not seem the least disturbed by the sudden advent of his master.

"Have a glass of port, old boy," he said, and lifted the bottle to fill the glass, but it dropped with a crash on the floor.

"All right, all right, my covey," stammered the excellent Mr. Marshall, "no hurry; get in another bottle. You and I, old cracksman, will have a drain together. Both in the same trade, don't you see; both on the Spanish Main. Fetch another bottle, old boy."

Mr. Millbank's nerves were not strong. For a moment he was frightened to death at the truculent appearance of this drunken bully. But in an instant he realised that the brute was too drunk to be dangerous.

"What are you waiting for?" stammered Marshall, lurching towards him. "Want money to pay for the drink? Here it is for you." He clapped a Spanish coin down on the table. "There's more where that came from." He dived his hand into his breeches pocket, and fished up a fistful of money—Spanish notes and gold.

"Confidence trick, old man," mumbled the drunken butler with an ugly laugh. "You did Don what you call him, and I do you. Drink together, old pal."

Mr. Millbank's face flushed and paled as he saw the money on the table. His resolution was quickly taken and acted on.

"Right you are," he said, laying a timid hand on the drunkard's shoulder and pressing him down into his chair, "I'll fetch the wine."

He would have locked the door behind him, but the key was not in the lock; so he had to be content with closing it carefully.

He went straight to the telephone, and got on to Scotland Yard.

"Hullo! are you there? Yes; put me on to the inspector. I'm Mr. Millbank, of Burlington—yes, Member of Parliament. Listen. I want you to send two men out to my place as soon as possible. Yes, my butler has got drunk and is violent. Yes, they had better come armed. No, there is no immediate danger, but send at once. All right; good-bye."

"Now to see what the ruffian has stolen," he muttered, as he rang off and replaced the receiver. "How the blazes did he find out the secret of the safe?"

Closing the door behind him, he switched on the light in his bedroom. He took down a small picture that hung on the panelled paper of the wall, and pressed the little brass nail on which it hung. Instantly a thin sheeting of wood, opening neatly on the lines of the paper panel, showed the door of a large safe let into the wall. Mr. Millbank fitted a tiny key to the lock softly and smoothly, the massive door opened level with the floor, and he lugged out a heavy old leather portmanteau on the carpet.

"It feels all right," he said, "and it looks all right. The lock has not been tampered with. But then, where did the brute get all that Spanish money, and what did he mean by his talk about Don what's his name?"

"Will you kindly permit me to explain?" said a quiet voice at his ear, and a strong hand was laid on his shoulder. A glance was enough. Chill terror froze his voice, for leaning over him, revolver in hand, was his drunken butler.

No, not drunken. The hand that held the revolver was steady as a rock—there was a bland, good-humoured smile on the broad face. Mr. Millbank noticed, too, that the black mutton-chop whiskers were gone, and the expression of the face wholly changed. Surely he had seen that genial smile, those twinkling eyes before. Through the mist of bewilderment in which he was lost, the truth dawned on him suddenly.

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Beck pleasantly. "You know me at last. I suppose I need not explain further. I wanted to find out where you had hidden this"—he touched the portmanteau with his toe—"and you were kind enough to show me. That's why I showed you the Spanish money. I knew the sight of it would send you to see if your treasure were safe."

"Now to business; allow me." He stooped and extracted a dainty revolver from the breast pocket of Mr. Millbank's frock coat. "We don't want those playthings," he said as he dropped the two weapons into his own coat pocket, "they disturb conversation and we have only a short time for our chat. You know, I suppose, you have got to do what I tell you?"

In spite of the good-humoured smile and twinkling eyes, there was a tone of quiet determination in the spoken words that made Mr. Millbank wince. "That's all right," Mr. Beck added. "I see you understand the situation. I heard you telephone for the police. They will be here, I suppose, in half-an-hour. What do you mean to say to them? You won't tell. Have you any curiosity to know what I mean to say or do? Does it occur to

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you that I might clap on a pair of handcuffs, and hand you over to your own police for theft and perjury? They know me and would take you quick enough on my word. That portmanteau is chock full of evidence for the prosecution. What do you say to that?"

Mr. Millbank said nothing to that. Something in Mr. Beck's face and manner told him that gentleman's mind was made up. He waited to hear more.

"Well. I'm disposed to give you a chance," said Mr. Beck after a pause, "though you don't deserve it. It is not for your sake, mind you. I want the young lady you cheated and her father to get back their valuables at once. I don't want the fuss and delay of a prosecution; see? That's where your chance comes in. Now listen to what you have got to say and do. When the police come you must tell them you had a quarrel with your butler—that's me—that you accused me of drunkenness and theft, and that you found you were wrong and apologised. You want me to stay on; I insist on leaving at once. I have my portmanteau packed to go with me. This is my portmanteau. You will give the men a sovereign each for their trouble, and they will take me and my portmanteau back to London. Mind, it's that, or arrest and prosecution."

"You did Don what you call him, and I do you. Drink together, old pal."

"What are you going to do with the portmanteau?" asked Mr. Millbank tremulously.

"That's my business. Are you afraid I'll cheat the Spanish prisoner and his daughter?"

"I'm honestly entitled to a third."

"Not exactly."

"But I was promised a third for my trouble."

"Easy there. You tried to steal it, not to save it for the owner. You grabbed all and you've lost all. We don't pay salvage on theft—not a farthing. Do you take my offer?"

"I suppose I must," growled Mr. Millbank sulkily; "there is nothing else."

"Oh, don't delude yourself. You can have the handcuffs and the gaol instead if you prefer them. Make up your mind which it is to be—quick!" There was sudden menace in the curt word, and Mr. Millbank gasped out a hurried acceptance.

"I thought so—of two evils——you know

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the proverb. Mind you play your part properly."

The two Scotland Yard men arriving in hot haste were glad to hear the trouble was over. They each pocketed a sovereign, and had a cold-meat supper, washed down with a couple of glasses of port apiece of Mr. Beck's choosing, and cheerily carried the offended butler and his portmanteau back with them to London.

"Jolly old cock," said one to the other, when they had dropped Mr. Beck at Charing Cross, "sings a good song."

"And opens a good bottle, by Jingo; he got the bulge on his boss. See the way he packed him out of the dining-room?"

Twelve days later a four-wheeler drove to the door of Mrs. Cunningham's hotel. There were three men in it, one young, one old, both stately looking, with dark complexions and brilliant dark eyes. Mr. Beck was the third.

"She is waiting for you in the private sitting-room," he said, carrying a heavy portmanteau as lightly as if it were a brown-paper parcel. He led the way upstairs.

"Come in," cried a sweet voice in answer to the knock, and the old man went first into the room.

Aurora had been reading. She put down her book and sprang to her feet as he entered. A moment she stood, her bosom heaving, her black eyes wide open with amazement Then sudden joy flooded them with light.

"Father!" she cried exultingly, and flung herself into the arms of Don Aloroso. She lay there laughing and sobbing, unconscious of all things else in the world but her great joy. Mr. Beck coughed.

Lissom as a willow wand she slipped from her father's embrace, caught the detective's heavy face between her two hands and kissed him twice.

"Now Don Fabrice," suggested Mr. Beck maliciously.

The rich blood flooded her face.

"Don Fabrice is very welcome," she said demurely with downcast eyes, and she gave him her hand which he clasped and kissed—the lover unmistakable.

"I came over with your father," he said, "only for a day. I could get no longer leave, but I could not deny myself the pleasure of telling you I have been promoted. I am now a captain. I have a future. I will return again next year if I may?"

A shy consenting smile was her answer to the eager intreaty in his voice.

"But my father?" she asked.

"Oh, your father," replied Mr. Beck briskly, as he lifted a heavy old leather valise into the room, "your father has come to stay. He has brought his portmanteau."

LITTLE MAID.

Come, little maid,
Don't be afraid,
Just tell me why you're troubled;
Woes borne alone,
I've often known,
Are sometimes more than doubled.

A fall, I see;
A broken knee;
No doubt, it's badly aching.
A muddy frock,
And dirty sock;
Your little heart is breaking.

Come, dry your eye,
No longer cry;
Glad looks from tears beguiling;
There—trouble's past,
We've done at last,
And little maid is smiling.

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The beauty bath made with soap jelly should be stirred into a lather.

THE WOMAN BEAUTIFUL

No. IV.
THE BEAUTY BATH AND THE COMPLEXION.

By Augusta Prescott.

In this Instalment of this Splendid Series the Subject of Baths is Exhaustively Gone Into, so that any Feader will be Able to Choose the Particular Bath Suited to her Individual Requirements.

There is no doubt that the bath plays a very important part in the preservation of the health, and particularly in the preservation of the complexion.

The beauty bath, as it is called, scents the body, makes the flesh smooth, and, if it is of the right sort, quiets the nerves and clears the complexion. But, as has been said, it must be of the right sort—not too hot nor too cold.

There are those who cannot take cold baths. And it is to be doubted if the cold bath, in itself, is ever a beautifying bath. It is especially bad when it does not agree with the constitution. Nothing is good that makes one feel ill.

In Berlin, if you go to have your complexion treated, the beauty doctor will ask if you are troubled with cold feet. Cold feet mean a poor circulation, and no woman with a poor circulation can hope to have a nice, smooth, clear, pink-and-white skin.

The beauty bath, besides clearing the complexion and healing the nerves, does other things, and not the least of these is that it makes one comfortable. On a hot day it is the best tonic known. Then one must consider one's surroundings.

When away in the summer it is not always possible to take the medicated bath, nor even the pure, fresh-water bath. But there are always makeshifts, and these will answer the purpose of the beauty bath very well until one can get better. Often the impromptu ways are very good indeed, even better than those that are carefully planned.

For persons who like a cold dip in the morning, and who cannot bear the cold-water plunge, it is best to have the water the temperature of the room. Draw it the night before and specially prepare it. Fill the tub half-full of water, and into the bottom put a tablespoonful of powdered borax.

While the water is running add a double handful of very finely powdered oatmeal. Let the water stand until morning, and then the cold plunge will do you no harm, for it will be just the temperature of the room.

Many persons like the perfumed bath, and there is nothing more healthful and more beautifying at the same time. But, unfortunately, it is expensive, and, unless one knows

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While the water is running add a double handful of very finely powdered oatmeal.

how to prepare it, the perfumed bath is beyond the reach of many.

For those who suffer from open pores and a rough skin the best bath is the benzoinated one. To a tub of warm water add just enough benzoin to make it milky. Use clear water, without soap, as a rinsing bath, after the soapy dip. Benzoin gives a very agreeable perfume to the bath.

But the genuine scented bath is not beyond the reach of those who want it and are willing to work for it. It begins with some good home-made perfume, and this is best described by telling exactly how it is made.

To begin with, take a bottle holding two quarts, and into this bottle put a pint of *Eau de Cologne*, Now add an ounce of oil of rose geranium, and to this add a grain of musk.

Put your bottle away in the dark for two weeks, and at the end of that time bring it out and add another pint of spirits of Cologne. Set away for ten days, and when you bring it out you will find it ready to use, sweet-smelling and delightful. Half-a-cupful of this added to the bath will make it as sweet as you could desire.

The scented bath is liked by women of delicate nerves and of what may be called extreme sensibilities. They believe in perfumes, and the sweet odour does, indeed, seem to charm them, resting them as music does some people and as food rests others. Such women should take the scented bath often.

The aromatic bath is for those who seem to need it. It has for its basis a kind of bath vinegar, and this seems to be just the thing

For the hot-water bath there can be made a number of handy little bran-bags. These should be made small, so that they can be thrown away after one using.

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for certain women of rather melancholic temperament. They find a sort of invigoration in its depths. The aromatic bath is made by covering a quart of fresh strawberries—or other fresh berries will do—with a quart of white-wine vinegar. After three days this is poured off, and the vinegar is added to the bath, half-a-cupful at a time. It is very good for roughness of the skin.

But the real beauty bath, the bath which actually clears the complexion and is good in every case, is the hot-water bath, the bath that is partly soapsuds and partly bran or meal, and which is taken for the express purpose of clearing the pores and skin and letting the impurities escape.

The finger-tips make an excellent scrubbing-brush for the face.

For this bath there can be made a number of handy little bran-bags. These should be small, so that they can be thrown away after one using. But, if preferred, they can be a little larger, so as to be wrung out and used again, until used up; a bag of this kind will last three days.

There are various recipes for these bags. But the one that is used most generally consists of bran, good powdered soap, and the least trifle of orris-root. Then there are other bags that are almost equally good.

One cup of finely powdered oatmeal, with a tablespoonful of powdered soap added to it, and with about ten drops of oil of jasmine mixed into the powder, will make a soap mixture to be remembered.

This quantity ought to make three tiny bags, and each bag will do for a bath, making four beautifully scented and very soapy baths for a very small sum.

There is one bath that should be mentioned, and this is the salt-water bath. Those who like it can take the sea-salt and dissolve it in hot water, afterwards adding it to the bath.

But if the sea-salt makes the skin chap, the common salt can be used, with five drops of ammonia and a tablespoonful of borax. Afterwards the skin can be rinsed, to get the salt out of the pores. This is necessary whatever salt is used.

But perhaps the best beauty bath is the one that is made of soap jelly. Take your pieces of good soap and powder them, using the toe of an old stocking, and a hammer for the purpose. Place the powder, of which there should be a heaped cupful, in a pint of water on the stove, and add about five drops of benzoin and a teaspoonful of borax.

To this can be added a very little perfume, if desired. Let the soap dissolve, then pour it into a wide-mouthed jar with a cover, and keep it in the bath-room for the beauty bath, which should be of frequent occurrence.

"How often shall I take a beauty bath?" queried a patient of a beauty specialist who made a special point of prescribing the bath.

"Take it once a day," said he. "And when you are beautiful, come back to me for further directions."

The patient went back in three weeks looking like a new woman.

"Now, massage your wrinkles," was the order.

Care should be taken with the temperature of the water. It should be very hot when the soap is added; then it should be allowed to cool. The same applies if the bran-bag is used, or the soap jelly, or the perfume.

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The bath should be drawn very hot, and let cool until the right temperature is reached.

Just how hot to take it depends upon individual preferences. There are some who cannot take the hot bath; and for these the medium temperature is the only thing. But the beauty bath should never be a cold one in any circumstances.

The flesh should be thoroughly soaked, and there should be a scrubbing-brush with which to work upon the skin.

Be careful how you treat the skin, and do not injure it. The scrubbing-brush should be quite a soft one, and the work should be done with care rather than with energy.

It is more a matter of exercise for the pores than of actually getting the skin clean. The finger-tips make an excellent scrubbing-brush for the face. If a basin is used, there should be a heavy lather.

The third point is the rinsing, and this is of the utmost importance.

"How many waters shall I use?" asked a patient of a nurse in a beauty sanatorium — a place where worn out beauties go to recuperate after the season.

While you are steaming the face, it is well to sniff a little ammonia, to keep you from turning faint.

"Nine rinsing waters, madam," said the nurse; "and a little borax in the first eight. In the ninth there should be a dash of benzoin, just enough to close the pores of the skin."

After the beauty bath there comes a very important thing, and this is exercise. Exercise and massage closely follow the beauty wash. The first step is, of course, the massage. And, as soon as she emerges from her bath, the patient begins her mass ge.

For the massage after the bath one should use a great deal of good skin-food. There should be at least a pint jar of it; and, with her hand filled with it, the patient should go to work rubbing it into the skin. She must rub and rub until the skin feels dry and smooth, which will be in about five minutes' time.

The object of the massage with skin-food is evident. The skin, which is very porous, has been robbed of its moisture. The moisture was taken out by the hot water and by the soap and rubbing.

And now it must be restored.

Then comes the exercise. And here one may call all one's gymnastic knowledge into play. The work is all done with the arms and the feet. No weights are required.

Stand first on one foot and then on the other, while you make vigorous passes with your arms in the air. It is the grandest and best exercise known for getting up the circulation after the bath.

Face steaming is necessary once in a while, and this can be taken in connection with the beauty bath. Steam the face with hot cloths, taking care not to burn the skin; and, while you are steaming the face, it is well to sniff a little ammonia, to keep you from turning faint.

Apply warm cloths to the skin. Then wash the face with soap and water, and finally massage in all the wrinkle-cream your skin will hold. Wrinkle-cream acts like magic upon the open pores. You can make it yourself, and a jar will last a long time. And, while it lasts, there will not be a wrinkle in your face.

Lots of soap and water can be used daily on the skin, without fear of injuring it, if the wrinkle-cream is used freely afterwards.

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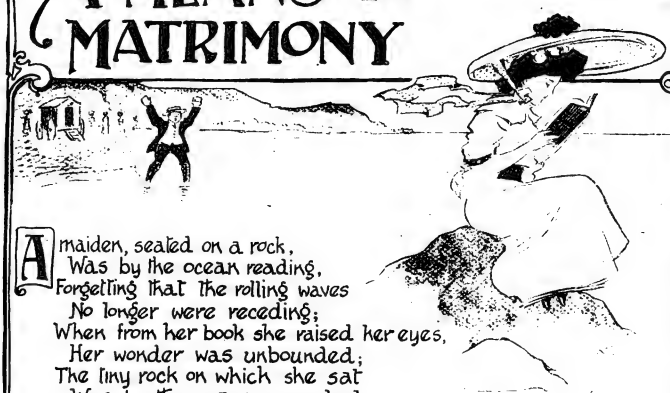
A MEANS TO MATRIMONY



A maiden, seated on a rock,
Was by the ocean reading,
Forgetting that the rolling waves
No longer were receding;
When from her book she raised her eyes,
Her wonder was unbounded;
The tiny rock on which she sat
Was by the sea surrounded.

♡ ♡ ♡

A gallant youth upon the shore
Had seen the maiden's danger;
And straightway to the rescue sprang
This noble-hearted stranger.
The maiden in the young man's arms
Back to the shore was carried;
And, less than six months afterwards,
The youth and she were married.

♡ ♡ ♡

All lonely maids, take note of this,
And ponder well the story;
See how a fellow-spinster gained
The height of woman's glory.
Just choose a rock; in patience wait,
And love will surely crown you;
While, should no rescuer appear,
The waves can only drown you!

HERBERT J. BRANDON.

W. ESMOND.

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THE MAN IN HIDING

A Story of the Wooing of a Tomboy.

By Berta Ruck.

Holding his breath, he stole on tip-toe along the snow-crusted balcony to the window which glowed like a long, red jewel set in the darkened side of the house. Cautiously, swiftly, he ran his fingers down the framework. Here was luck! A French window; one could unfasten it from the outside. Softly, very softly, he did so—opening it just wide enough to let himself slip through. Noiselessly he closed it behind him and stood for a moment, waiting, in the recess behind the crimson curtains. All was quiet. The Christmas revelry in the servants' hall was shut off by many corridors and baize doors. The only sound that reached him was a faint rustle as the fire settled down in the grate, echoed by a fainter sigh from someone in the room.

He parted the curtains and peered out.

On the hearthrug, with her back to him, a girl was sitting in the rosy light of the fire: she was a slim, well-knit lass of the tomboy type, with long, thick hair waving down her shoulders. She shrugged them with an impatient movement, and an exclamation, "It *is* a shame!" slipped from her.

He nodded to himself: it was worth risking!

So, without further ado, he came out from behind the curtains; the girl started and looked up to find the tall figure with its close-cropped head, its hideous garb of drab, standing on the rug beside her.

She sprang up with a cry of startled horror.

"Who are you? Oh——"

"Hush!" he exclaimed peremptorily. "Be quiet!"

His grey eyes seemed to magnetise her into obedience, as she stood erect and slight against the bookcase.

"Where did you come from?" she rejoined, but in a whisper. "How did you get in here? Who are you?"

"Can't you—see?"

Gasping, the Tomboy put her rippling mane back from the face he now saw to be as lovely as the hair which had shadowed it.

"You—you"—her eyes were fastened upon the brand of the broad arrow spattered over his tunic.—"you're a convict? You're making your escape?"

"I want to. I can trust you?" he returned hoarsely. "You'll help me?"

"I suppose so—yes! Of course I will.

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How ripping of you to ask me," returned the Tomboy incoherently, but without hesitation. "How *frightfully* exciting! How on earth did you—— But never mind that. You tell me what I've got to do."

"You've got to get me other clothes, first of all."

She noticed and approved of his self-possession. He was just as coolly defiant as any gentleman-burglar or noble-highwayman of the books!

"Of course. One always has to find them other clothes," agreed the breathless Tomboy, who had read powerful serials upon this subject. "And money. I've got a lot of allowance left. And then——"

"Then I can find my own way to the station," pursued the hunted man. "The last train up to town is at 11.30, I believe, so I've time and to spare."

He gave a glance of loathing down at the prison garments and added: "Where can I change these things?"

"In my brother's room," she told him, giving herself up heart and soul to the spirit of the adventure. "This way—the second room on the left. It's all right. He's at the dance at The Towers, with everybody else. Nobody will disturb you. You'll find clothes *there*, and caps and collars and ties and things *there*. When you've changed come back to the schoolroom. I'll be mounting guard in the corridor."

"Thanks. You're a little brick," he returned to her glowing gratification as she left him.

It was not long before he stood again beside the schoolroom fire—incredibly transformed.

Her brother's clothes—he had chosen the rough shooting suit, with all the colours of the moon in it—fitted him surprisingly well. And they did full justice to the build of a man who was manifestly of the type "good at games." If it had not been for the prison crop and the grim set to his pale face he would have looked "just like anybody, only nicer," as the Tomboy put it to herself. His convict's garb, rolled into a bundle, was under his arm.

"Give me those hateful things," she said. She took the bundle from him and stowed it under the valance of the big armchair. "There! Afterwards I can easily weight it and drop it into the moat."

"You are a person of resource," remarked the convict, dropping wearily into the armchair. "I wish I'd been!"

"You must have been," said she, "or you'd never have got out of that—fix." She thought shiveringly of the iron-tipped prison walls a mile beyond the lodge gates.

"I couldn't have been," said he, "or I'd never have got into it."

He was modest, then, as well as brave. Yes, she decided, he was an all-round sportsman. How monstrous to condemn such a man to the stone walls which *did* a prison make, to the bread-and-water which—no, wasn't there some horrid diet they called *skilly?*

"Aren't you awfully hungry?" was the Tomboy's next suggestion as she watched him, her mind a whirl of wonder, elation, compassion. "Shall I go and forage in the larder? They'll think it's for me even if they do notice. I'll——"

"Don't go," he interposed. "I'm not hungry. They *feed* us all right there. There's more than half an hour before the train goes. It's five minutes' walk to the station. I think I'm—safer here than there. D'you mind if I wait here?"

"No—do wait," rejoined the Tomboy eagerly.

Never in her life had such an adventure come to her, and all unsought! Not a novel she had read could offer an experience more thrilling. What a mercy it was she had not gone to bed as early as usual!

"Should *you* mind," she ventured, settling down again upon the rug, "if I asked you a few questions?"

"Ask away. You've every right and my leave to do so."

"Well, then—was it—what you ran away from—was it a *long* sentence?"

"For life."

"Gracious!" exclaimed the Tomboy wriggling. "I don't wonder you bolted."

She opened her mouth again, then hesitated.

The convict helped her out.

"You were going to ask: 'What was the crime?'"

She nodded.

"I'm afraid," said he, "that the question is the one exception I must make to answering frankly. You see—it doesn't involve myself only."

"How frightfully decent of you!" exclaimed the Tomboy admiringly, "to shelter those other people! And I'm sure it wasn't your fault. *You* were innocent."

"N—no," he responded slowly, "not entirely."

The warmest form of sympathy (the

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sympathy of the feminine for the wrong-doer) flooded the Tomboy's heart.

"I am so glad," she declared fervently, "that you got away."

"Thank you. So am I," returned the convict. "And now it's my turn to ask a question. May I?"

"I suppose so—I mean—*do!*"

"Just before I came out I heard you saying to yourself that something was 'a shame.' What was?"

"Why, my being left at home, after they'd all gone off to the dance," explained the Tomboy. "I'd forgotten all about that; it doesn't seem so important, now—— But there, it's always the same, always. She won't let me go anywhere. She hates me to talk to visitors. She wouldn't even let me ride to hounds if she could help it."

"But you do ride, I see. I mean, I gather you do so. And—— Who's 'she'?"

"My sister Ethel. She's twenty-seven. And I'm seventeen—nearly eighteen—and I ought to be 'out.' *She* was, at my age. She knows she was! But she will insist upon my being kept in the schoolroom and treated like a child——"

"Yes, I know. I—I mean I should have thought you had enough will of your own to——"

"To do as I choose, in spite of Ethel and my married sisters and mamma? Not much!" confessed the Tomboy ruefully. "I can manage the governor and Dick, but even they can't take me to a dance when the others insist that I'm too young. Oh, and I do so love dancing—better than skating or hockey or anything! I should have danced all night. She won't! Half the time she only just sits out with stupid men in conservatories! Which must be such rot! I'd never sit out. Do you?"

"Well—I—er—I may have been—stupid enough—in my time——"

"Oh, of course!" She coloured at her want of tact. It must have been some time since her listener had sat anywhere but in a prison-cell. "I can't think," the Tomboy broke off, "why I'm talking like this to you. I suppose it's because I've never seen you before and shall never see you again. It's all very extraordinary and like a funny sort of dream, isn't it?"

"This interview?" he responded. "Yes; the youngest daughter of the Manor House in amicable *tête-à-tête* with a man in hiding, an escaped convict whom she has helped on his way to freedom! It does seem something like a dream. I haven't known you ten years, but I have ten more minutes to spend with you; so may I stir the fire? And won't you go on telling me about your troubles?"

They seemed absurd to her now, in the face of this other greater trouble which it had been her fortune to remove.

"They'll end, I expect," said she, "directly Ethel is engaged. I shall be allowed to come 'out' then. It may happen to-night, even. She looked awfully pretty, and she put on her Queen of Hearts fancy dress, and I heard her maid say to mamma's maid: 'He always had a parshality for scarlet satin, and if Miss Ethel plays her cards anything like as clever as she generally does, the gown alone ought to fetch him to-night!' Oh, I do hope to goodness he will be 'fetched'! Though I shouldn't think much of him, all the same," declared the Tomboy, "if he were."

"'He,'" echoed the convict; "there is a particular 'he' in the question, then?"

"There's some man or other," replied the Tomboy disdainfully. "A friend of Dick's that she met in London a lot last summer. And in the autumn she and mamma were staying up at his place in Scotland, pretending to fish. I don't suppose she did anything but flirt, really," explained the younger sister. "Dick said he was a more experienced flirt than she was, so that's why she's so bent on bowling him out. I dare say he's like all the men who come to the house to see her—idiots and can't ride straight."

"Are they as bad as that?"

"Quite. One was a lunatic; must have been, I suppose! He actually tried to *kiss* me—*me!* one day in the shrubbery," announced the Tomboy, in matter-of-fact tones.

"He did?" put in the convict very sharply.

"Yes, and then he was frightfully surprised when I slashed him across the face with my dog-whip, and told him he ought to be shut up—in a lunatic asylum, I meant, of course," she added hastily, fearing that he might suspect some allusion to a prison. "Perhaps this new man of Ethel's may not be quite so bad, though. His name's Sir Alexander High-cockalorum-Something-or-other, and he's staying at The Towers now. I heard Dick say she means to get engaged to him if she has to propose to him at the end of a pistol! Oh, if he only comes up to the scratch to-night! I'm sorry I'm so vulgar," she added, in answer to a change of expression in the convict's eyes. "I pick up my slang from Dick, the only one of my family I see much of."

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"Poor Cinderella," said the convict, softly. "Poor—lovely little Cinderella!"

He saw the vivid rose-colour, due to no light of the glowing fire, spring up in her cheeks and mantle her face to the baby-curls at the roots of her hair. But she held her head defiantly high; for why should she blush, she asked herself angrily, just because he had called her—Cinderella?

And before he could say anything further, she suddenly leapt to her feet.

She clutched his arm.

"Hush! Listen!" she whispered wide-eyed. "Someone in the corridor——"

Both held their breath to listen. Steps! They were coming nearer.

"Yes! They're coming up here. Quick! Get behind that curtain—out of the window! Go—oh, do go!"

This Elizabethan, with a shout of "Alec!" strode up to the convict and smote him on the shoulder.

He did not stir.

"Be *quick*," she besought him. "Oh, why don't you——"

The steps were at the door.

Another tall figure burst into the room—a figure in doublet and hose, with a ruff about his neck. This Elizabethan, with a shout of "Alec!" strode up to the convict and smote him on the shoulder laughing. "So *this* is where you got to! Everybody's inquiring! '*What made the ball so fine? Robin was there.*' What made it as flat as a pancake after the second Lancers? Total disappearance of Robin'—Alec, I mean. Ethel thought you must have gone back for her fan; she said she told you she'd left it at the house. Thought I'd better come after you and see if the servants had shot you on suspicion, but evidently——" He paused, and laughed again.

"Dick!" gasped the bewildered Tomboy. (The convict had said nothing.) "*Dick?*"

Her brother turned to her.

"Hullo! You weren't frightened, kid? No? It was you who gave him my clothes and the freedom of the schoolroom?"

"He—he asked me——"

"And you connived at his 'escape'! What a good 'have,' eh? And you've cut three dances with the Queen of Hearts, Alec! I'd like to know what she says," chuckled Dick, "when she hears you've been sitting 'em out with the Tomboy! By the way, I'd better introduce you properly——"

"No, thank you," interposed the Tomboy quietly. She drew herself up, avoiding the convict's gaze. "I don't think I want to know Sir Alexander—now."

She turned and made a movement towards the door.

"Oh, I say," interposed Dick rather

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blankly. "It was only a joke, kid. He'll apologise if you wish it——"

"No, I won't," broke in the convict, also quite quietly. "I won't apologise."

The Tomboy came back.

"I'll *explain*," amended the convict.

She looked at him again.

"My explanation," he continued, "is due to your sister, Dick."

Dick shrugged his shoulders.

"All right. I'll wait for you in the hall, then," and he strode out, his rapier clattering behind him. They heard his steps down the corridor again; and he whistled, as he went, the old tune of "My love she's but a lassie yet." Then the noise died away; it was quiet as when the convict had burst into the room.

She turned away her face. But her hand was in his.

"Now!" began the Tomboy, turning furiously upon the other man, "you needn't explain, because I know exactly what happened. And I only want to tell you I think it was *horrid* of you to play a silly practical joke upon me just because I'm a girl, and—and"—the old grievance had come back—"not 'out'! And to make me talk to you, and give—other people—away! And I'd thought you were such a *sportsman!* And I hate you. And, please go!"

"In a moment," he said gravely and courteously. "I admit that it may have been 'horrid' of me, but it wasn't a practical joke."

"Not a joke?"

"Not to me. It was my one chance of seeing anything of you at all."

"Of me?" echoed the Tomboy staring. "Why, you didn't know there was such a person——"

"Didn't I? I'd heard a good deal from Dick. I'd heard a certain amount from"—his lips tightened—"from your sister. And a little"—he smiled—"from the man you slashed across the face with your whip!"

"He was a beast," declared the girl, crimson again, "as well as a lunatic!"

"I indorse your opinion. But I liked his account of you the best of the lot."

"So," said the Tomboy, holding fast to the temper which she felt was escaping her, "I suppose you just wanted to see me out of curiosity?"

"No. I'd seen you twice, out riding. You didn't see me. I knew I shouldn't see you to speak to unless I made my own opportunity. Do you understand? I made it."

"You've made *me* very angry!" she declared.

"Forgive me," he said softly. "You won't?"

"N-no!"

"Won't you? Yet you'd give a poor devil of an escaped convict his chance! Won't you give me mine?"

She turned away her face. But her hand was in his.

"Is this forgiveness?"

"I suppose so!" said the Tomboy.

"Then"—he took the other hand—"will you—not now, of course, but some day, when you think you can—will you give me *another* chance?"

"I don't know," said the Tomboy rather breathlessly, "what you mean!"

"Have I your leave to show you, dear—some day?"

"I suppose so," said the Tomboy again. "Yes!"

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SURVIVORS' TALES OF GREAT EVENTS

Mr. Edward Alfred Haynes.

No. XXVIII.—THE TRAGEDY OF GORDON'S RELIEF.

FROM THE NARRATIVE OF PRIVATE EDWARD ALFRED HAYNES, LATE MEDICAL STAFF CORPS.

AS TOLD TO WALTER WOOD.

No tragedy of modern times has more deeply stirred the imagination than the failure of the attempt to relieve General Gordon. Khartoum, the capital of Nubia, was successfully administered by Gordon, who, however, in 1877, was forced to leave the city and return to England. At the beginning of 1884 he went back, and again controlled the capital with wisdom and humanity. The Mahdi and his fanatics rose against Khartoum, which was closely invested and forced to surrender. Gordon and a few followers, after a long, heroic defence, were massacred before the British troops sent to relieve them could arrive. Private Haynes, a soldier of twenty-one years' service, was with the Heavy Camel Corps in the Soudan, and was present at the fight for the desert wells at Abu Klea, when Colonel Burnaby was killed, and near Metammeh, when General Stewart was mortally wounded.

GENERAL GORDON was hemmed in by fanatics at Khartoum, and Lord Wolseley was in command of the Nile Expedition, which had been ordered to the Soudan to rescue or relieve him. He was to bring away the General, and undertake no further offensive operations.

That sounds so simple and easy, but only those who went through all the desert sufferings and dangers know what it really meant—is not the long, hard route of the Gordon Relief Expedition marked by the whitened bones of those who fell?

Look at a good map of Egypt, follow the majestic Nile from cataract to cataract, until you pass the Sixth, glance at the vast deserts, call to mind the lack of transport, the want of water, the absence of food for man and beast, remember the heat by day and the cold by night—and put on top of all the ever-present danger of a sudden swoop by an overwhelming horde of the worst enemies a soldier can be called upon to face—religious fanatics—and you will form some idea, although imperfect, of the state of things existing when we of the Heavy Camel Corps marched to the relief of one of the bravest men that ever soldiers worshipped.

We were at Korti, on the Nile, between the Fourth and Fifth Cataracts, and from that mud village, straight as the crow flies, Khartoum lies two hundred miles across the dreary Bayudah Desert; by way of the river, which at that point makes an enormous sweep, the distance is at least three times as great.

On January 8th, 1885, I marched from Korti with the Heavy Camel Corps, under Brigadier-General Sir Herbert Stewart, who was to go to Metammeh, on the Nile, about a hundred and fifty miles from Khartoum. One of Sir Herbert's instructions was to reach the wells of Abu Klea, in the desert, on the line of our march, and establish a post there. He was to get all the news he could collect about General Gordon, and report to Lord Wolseley.

There were some brave and cheerful spirits with us, amongst them Lord Charles Beresford, at that time a naval captain. He was in command of a small party of seamen, and jolly dogs they were, too. They joked about everything, and it seemed as if you could never send them into the dumps—which in time of war is a godsend.

As we were mounting our camels—the queerest, most awkward, and most

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unmanageable brutes that man can ever ride—a sailor was thrown out of the clumsy saddle like a stone from a sling. He picked himself up. Most men would have had a lot to say to the steed, but Jack only laughed, and said as he rubbed and pulled himself together:

"It's hard luck when you're skipper aboard a cruiser, and can't control your own steering-gear!"

Then he climbed into his "wheelhouse."

There were about two thousand of us, all told, and we had something like three thousand camels—trotting, riding, and transport animals, with a few horses. "*Condor* Charlie," as the men were fond of calling the officer they adored, rode a white donkey, and many a joke was made about that queer little wilful animal, especially when it refused to answer the helm.

We marched away in splendid spirits—how should it be otherwise, for was not all our work mapped out for us according to programme and time-table, and was not the entire undertaking just the sort for a body of troops who almost without exception were in the very prime of youthful manhood?

I remember so clearly Lord Wolseley's farewell to Sir Herbert as the two generals passed each other—one of those sharp mental pictures which time never rubs off the slate of your memory.

"Good-bye—and good luck!" cried the Commander-in-Chief, and Sir Herbert's hand went up to the salute in acknowledgment of the parting kindly wish.

I wonder if either of them foresaw the tragedy of the near future, and if Sir Herbert, who was ordered to get to Khartoum and back, knew that he would never see the city where the other General was held a prisoner; and I wonder whether he had a secret fear that the great, far-stretching desert would claim him for its own?

Who knows? Even to the bravest and lightest-hearted these sad thoughts will come when you march away into the solitudes of those vast seas of sand.

Ships of the desert they call camels, and I for one think that no better term could be invented to describe them, for they roll and pitch and lurch and sag like a tramp in a seaway; and as for steering—well, they answer their helm once in a while, and that is about the best you can say of them. But they are marvellously patient and enduring brutes, and the most thoughtless and callous rider would pay a tribute to their virtues.

During our eight days' march across the stretch of desert, I saw many of the poor brutes succumb, and in the fighting which came afterwards I witnessed the end of a little army of them. Whenever a camel dies, he stretches his head out to the full and turns it round, and I recollect seeing a camel which had had its throat cut, to put it out of pain, stretch forth its long neck. In doing so it touched another camel, and that poor creature, dying of thirst, lapped up the flowing blood as if it had been water. Ghastly it may be—but it is one of the inevitable sufferings of dumb creatures in such a land when a "little war" is raging.

We lumbered out into the desert—Life Guards, cavalry of the line, artillery, infantry, and in fact all the branches of the Service that were needed to make up a fine little fighting force which was fit to go anywhere and do anything in such a country.

Being January, the weather was tolerable—for the Soudan; but man and beast endured numberless privations and discomforts because of lack of water. We carried as much as we could—mostly in the bheestie-bags—native skin water-bottles, and foul things they are, too, even the best of them. When they do not leak they smell, and ours did both, so that the water which did not trickle out was shocking stuff to swallow when it came to quenching thirst. But you must remember that desert war is desert war, that war of any sort is ruthless discipline and makes men endure cheerfully hardships the very thought of which in time of peace appals one. No baths, even for the most delicately-nurtured officer, no washing for days together; and that in a climate where you crave for washing all day long. Put on top of those discomforts the hosts of vermin and unwelcome creatures that you come across in hot climates, with the heat of the sun by day and the cold of the Arctic by night, with the clothes literally rotting off your bodies—and you can form some picture of the state of the expedition which started off for the relief of Gordon.

I was with No. 4 Section of the Camel Bearer Company, which was attached to the Heavy Camel Corps. There was a camel for every man, and a swarm of the ungainly objects for the baggage and other things. We averaged about a dozen miles a day. We might have done more, but there was a great scarcity of water in that part of the Soudan—such a scarcity that the camels, having been watered at the start, were compelled to wait four days before they were watered again.

People read about wells in the desert, and imagine that these are the ordinary little

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walled-in reservoirs of clear, cool water; but the wells of Abu Klea, which we were bound to reach and seize, were, like the other wells of the Soudan, small holes dug in the sand, some about as big as a man's body, and none more than a few feet in diameter. The water oozed up to the bottom, and that had to do for everybody and everything. You can imagine what it was like when camels and horses had trampled the sand and men had hurried up to slake their parching thirst. Water was the last thing in the world the liquid resembled, and there was very little taste of real water in it. It was just a thick, brown, tepid mixture, and the best you could say of it was that it was wet. Sometimes we had to press the lids of our canteens into the sand, and let the water ooze into them before we could drink.

We talk of greed of gold, but never can there be such greed as that which overcomes the best of men when food and drink are craved for. Not even the worst of war stories can put on record the things done and the sufferings endured through thirst. You will scarcely believe me when I tell you—and yet it is the simple truth—that in the Soudan I saw an Indian put out of step—killed—for the sake of the water he was carrying. He bore a bheestie-bag with about four and a half gallons of water, which in all likelihood he had looted. In the suddenness of a fierce temptation, a soldier butt-ended him, and the water was drunk immediately by those around. Nothing was either said or done—many things in time of war go unseen, for the observer who is too keen knows that if he speaks he may be cracked on the head himself.

We felt that the enemy were hovering about, although we could not see them; and our suspicion became a certainty just after we reached the wells on the 16th, for at dusk shots dropped in amongst us. A zareba was made at once; that is, a fence of stones and bushes and anything else which was handy; but firing continued throughout the night, and we had three or four casualties.

We hurriedly collected stones from the desert, and the tough scrub which is called manassah bush. With these and bully-beef boxes and other stout oddments we built up a hospital—a rude little building which we equipped with our waterproof sheets and stretchers. The surgeons stood by with their glittering instruments.

During the night we had our preliminary practice with the few wounded I have mentioned, one of whom had been shot through the thigh. It was a night of tension and excitement—and plenty of both; but I do not think that even the most nervous amongst us had any misgiving, any more than the most far-seeing could anticipate the tragedies which the near future held in store.

When you are in close touch with the enemy things move swiftly. The night had gone and day was with us when I and a comrade named Simmons were warned to take a stretcher to fetch a wounded man from a hill which was held by some of our mounted infantry—a handful of the Essex Regiment, the Little Fighting Fours as they are nicknamed. I was Number One Stretcher-bearer, and Simmons was Number Four there being only the pair of us.

We swung off, tingling with excitement and expectation, and marched away to the crest of the hill. It was not a very high eminence—just one of the big mounds which rise from the desert thereabouts; but it was lofty enough to make a point of danger and observation for our people.

Bear in mind that by this time we were broken up into two sections—those of us who were in the zareba, and a second force who were formed up in square at a distance of about five miles. This splitting of our strength was due to Sir Herbert's determination to march off and give battle to the enemy, when it was clear that he was attacking us.

The hill was used for signalling purposes between the two bodies of us, and, as we advanced with our stretcher, we saw a red-coated soldier flag-wagging for his life. We hastened to get our patient, toiling and panting up the side of the hill, always keeping our eyes on the signaller at the top. His very soul seemed to be in his work, and I dare say the last thing he thought of was the enemy whose movements he was watching and recording.

It was as if we might have been running a race, with the signaller as our winning-post. We struggled up towards him, every step bringing us nearer. We saw him clearly and more clearly; then we were close enough to hear the sharp flapping and whizzing of the flags as they were swept swiftly through the air. With another bound or two we were at his side, on the crest at last.

Then a sudden and awful tragedy occurred. There was an abrupt stoppage of the flag-wagging, a dropping to the ground of the little colours, a stretching upward of the soldier's arms, a falling back, and a thud to the earth almost at our feet.

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Dr. McKonochie, who was with us, stepped up and bent down.

"He's dead, poor chap!" he said. "They've shot him through the heart!"

I glanced at the signaller, and saw on the red jacket a redder wet stain, which showed where a bullet had struck him. We looked at the name inside the jacket, and saw that it was Radford. Then we covered the body with a blanket which belonged to one of the piquet, and, for the present, left the soldier where he had fallen at his post of duty.

Early casualties make a deep impression on you, and Radford was the first amongst us to be killed. Since then I have seen as many as two hundred men die in a week, yet not even that wholesale sweep of death moved me so much as the swift, sharp tragedy of the red-coated signaller on the hill in the Bayudah desert.

For half-an-hour we remained on the crest of that fatal hill, with many a sad thought oppressing us; then the welcome order came to rejoin our company, who were standing by their stretchers, ready to march off. We went into the centre of the square, where all the bearer companies were formed up, with their litters, cacolets, and other appliances. I parted from Simmons, and then had as a comrade a man named Deedman. Fighting was now general, and every combatant and non-combatant had his hands full—none being more busily employed than those of us who had to rush here and there and collect and bring in the wounded.

Many a man was in desperate case that day, and it was to one of the worst that Deedman and myself were sent with a stretcher. This was a trooper of the 1st Life Guards, who had been shot through the head, and was lying under a camel laden with ammunition. Picking up a stretcher—Deedman and I were in charge of a camel-load of them—we hurried off towards the rear of the square, and marched outside it until, about two hundred yards away, we came across the man we sought. We drew him out from beneath the camel, and a terrible and ghastly sight he was. As best we could we bandaged him, and then got him into the stretcher. That was a work of time as well as labour, and we were so absorbed in our task that we gave little heed to what was passing in the square.

Almost as it seemed without warning, we heard the most hideous and deafening yells, accompanied by sudden furious and heavy firing. At the same time powder-smoke rose from the desert like a dense fog, blotting out everything except savage spurts of rifle-fire, flashes of steel, and white-clad Dervishes.

At such a crisis an overwhelming impulse prompts a man to fly and seek his own salvation, but a glance at our charge steadied us. He was a trooper of great stature and very heavy build, and was lying there shattered and unconscious. There were only two of us to get him away from that awful spot and into safety—across the yielding desert sand, where every footstep meant a drag.

"We can't get back to the square," said Deedman, "and the best thing we can do is to make for the zareba."

We looked towards the square again, and although we did not then know what had happened, still we had too much reason to suspect disaster; and I agreed that in any case our greatest safety would be in the zareba.

We fell to our work, and I taking the head of the stretcher and Deedman the foot, we started on our desperate task, under a heavy fire, and with everything against us. Imagine what it was—our great dead weight, each step a toil, expecting every moment that merciless fanatics would fall upon us out of the rolling fog of battle-smoke.

Remember what it meant—a journey of four or five miles—for that, as I have said, was the space which separated our two forces. We panted on, lifting up our stretcher and carrying it until we were exhausted, then putting our poor burden down on the hot sand of the desert while we breathed and rested, and endured a torturing thirst. All the time the furious fight was raging, and we were harassed with uncertainties and fears.

Was the square holding out? Was it broken? Had the Mahdi's forces overwhelmed and smashed it? And were our comrades dead or scattered?

We laboured on—courageously, I hope, and trying to do our duty. Discipline held us to our task—and human pity, too, although it was hard to say whether our burden lived or had breathed his last. But fatigue overpowered all other feelings, and as we put our stretcher down for the fiftieth time I gasped to my comrade:

"It's no good—I can't march any further. I'm done!"

"Come on!" snapped Deedman. "Buck up! There's no halting! We've got to see it through!"

So we clenched our teeth and took heart of grace again, and at last we got into the

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We started on our desperate task, under a heavy fire and with everything against us.

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safety of the zareba, and with thankful hearts put down our burden for the last time.

Am I boastful if I say that we were proud of what we had done? I hope not, for we had been nearly five hours in getting the wounded trooper from the spot where he fell to the place of safety. And then—the pity of it!—he was too badly damaged to be doctored. He died without recovering consciousness. But we had a rich reward—a pint of water each, and a pint of tea as well—and no acknowledgment could have been more grateful in that land of thirst.

By that time we had told the officer commanding the zareba—Major Sunderland—all we knew about the square, though that was not much. For his own part he was ignorant, as he had had no gallopers from the square since the morning; and everybody was wild to hear the news and learn exactly what had happened.

Not until later did we know the terrible and unexpected truth—that the square at Abu Klea had been broken by the overwhelming rush of the enemy, and that there had been heavy loss of life, amongst the dead being Colonel Fred Burnaby.

It was a fight of fifteen hundred British troops against ten thousand fanatical Arabs; a desperate hand-to-hand encounter which in a few minutes strewed the desert with eight hundred dead of the enemy and nine British officers and sixty-five men, while nearly a hundred were wounded.

This, then, was what had taken place in the battle-smoke while Deedman and myself were struggling with our senseless, mangled burden!

Bit by bit the sorry story drifted through—how the Gatling had become choked with sand and grit, how the worthless cartridges had jammed in the Martinis, how the very rifles had twisted up, and how, most infamous of all, the soldiers' forlorn hope, the bayonets, had crumpled up like strips of lead.

Many heroes died that day, but of all who perished none fell more nobly than Colonel Burnaby. He was a man of gigantic stature and enormous strength, and was mounted on a horse of tremendous size. He charged into and slashed at the enemy like a giant, dealing death and spreading terror with his sword; but at last he died, pierced through the throat with Arab steel.

Though the square had been broken, yet a victory had been won—the triumph of Abu Klea which gave us the command of the wells. That was on January 17th, and General Stewart determined to push on at once to Metammeh, on the banks of the Nile, so that he could make his communication sure with Gordon.

Many a gloomy office had to be discharged—there were dead to bury, men who had been shot in the zareba. We dug a hole in the sand, and in it placed our fallen side by side, Major Parke reading the Burial Service. There were half-a-dozen of them and an Indian. The Hindoo was buried apart from the Englishmen, as his religion demanded, and before the sand was filled in his mourning comrades came and sang a native chant to speed the soul to Paradise. Some of the best parts of the clothing of the dead, and the boots, were taken on by those who lived and were in rags. But what would you have—what can you have—in war?

At night we were relieved and reinforced. We started for Metammeh, picking up on the way stray camels and stragglers from the square which had been broken but had pulled itself together again.

We were sad-hearted when we halted and again formed up in the zareba. Breakfast was being served when the enemy swooped on us again. Beaten off he had been, it is true, but he had followed us as the hunter chases game.

Why dwell on the tragedy of it? Is it not still fresh in public memory? Who does not recall the mortal wound of General Stewart, dealt by hidden sharpshooters; and the death of Mr. Herbert, of the *Morning Post*, and Mr. Cameron, of the *Standard*?

For some awful moments it seemed as if the enemy would break in upon us afresh; but the lesson of Abu Klea was too vivid in our minds to make that possible. The Arabs rushed up like waves of the sea, only to crumble under our withering fire as breakers seethe to nothingness upon the beach. They reached within fifty yards of us; then they recognised that even their fanatic valour would avail nothing, and they left us to our triumph and our fresh accumulated dead.

We went as far as the Nile—a narrow river there—and forgot our dangers and our losses in long, deep draughts of the muddy water.

So far we had come, through battle and privation, and now the man who was to have reached Khartoum and taken back the news of General Gordon's safety and deliverance—Sir Herbert—died. Many a heart was grief-stricken as we gave him desert burial, with all the military pomp that we could muster—even to the presence of a band; but no farewell music added to the mournfulness of

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Though the square had been broken, yet a victory had been won.

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those who saw the soldier buried in his soldier's grave, lest the sound should bring upon us the rifle-fire of those who watched us and themselves remained invisible. We left him there in all his loneliness, one of the noblest gentlemen and bravest soldiers that ever lived and drew a sword—fit indeed to be chosen for the rescue of another Christian.

What a tragedy it was—the death of him who went to save and him who was to be delivered!

One of the strange mistakes of war afflicted us just about this time, when we were least prepared for such an additional burden, and that was when we had good reason to believe that the Gordon Relief Expedition had failed.

We were escorting a convoy of wounded across the desert, under a constant fire from the enemy, whom we could only see occasionally because of the nature of the ground. Suddenly we discovered that the fusillade became fiercer. Bullets were pinging into the sand about us, and an officer picked one of them up.

"Why," he exclaimed in astonishment, "this is a Martini bullet!"

That was a startling enough discovery, because we knew that the enemy had Remington rifles, and Remingtons only.

The order was given to sound the dinner call, and the bugle rang out, "Come to the cookhouse door."

We waited with intense anxiety for the reply, and heard it rise above the firing. We listened in amazement to the sharp, clear notes which came across the desert, "The Roast Beef of Old England."

Then the meaning of the Martini bullet flashed through the minds of every one of us—we had been fired upon by our own people!

And such proved to be the startling but excusable truth. The Light Camel Corps, coming up with a convoy of provisions to Metammeh, hidden from us by the mimosa bushes, had confused us with the enemy and opened fire.

We buried the few dead who had been slain by our own people; then, with heavy hearts, we were escorted back to Abu Klea by the convoy we had met in such dramatic fashion.

The great and fatal night of January 26th arrived, and I was on duty over the wounded.

It was a wonderfully still and silent night, full of strange, mysterious noises; above all, the ceaseless murmur of the mighty river which flows its four thousand miles of length.

Abruptly I heard a stern challenge from a sentry twenty yards away:

"Halt! Who comes there?"

I looked sharply as I heard the rattle of a presented rifle, and saw upon the stream a boat with three or four redcoats rowing and a few natives seated.

The cry of the sentinel was answered with the single word of "Friend!"

"Halt! and give the countersign," the sentry ordered.

It was a thrilling moment. Would the countersign be given? Were the mystic figures friends or crafty foes? Would the rifle rattle and be followed by the fusillade of the piquet rushing to the destruction of the little vessel and her crew?

"I am Stuart-Wortley," said the voice of one of the strangers, a young lieutenant.

That was a shock indeed, for the subaltern was supposed to be safely in Khartoum with Gordon.

Like a flash the news was spread, and officers and men came rushing up.

I heard another voice, that of Colonel Barrow, who was in command of our post.

"I will be responsible," he told the sentry. "Let them come up."

The boat advanced, and, with a foreboding of an overwhelming evil, I awaited the utterance of the next few words.

They came immediately, in awed tones, and told the whole of the depressing truth of the crowning tragedy and the failure of our Relief Column, from which so much had been expected.

"Khartoum has fallen!" I heard a voice say in the night; "and Gordon is killed!"

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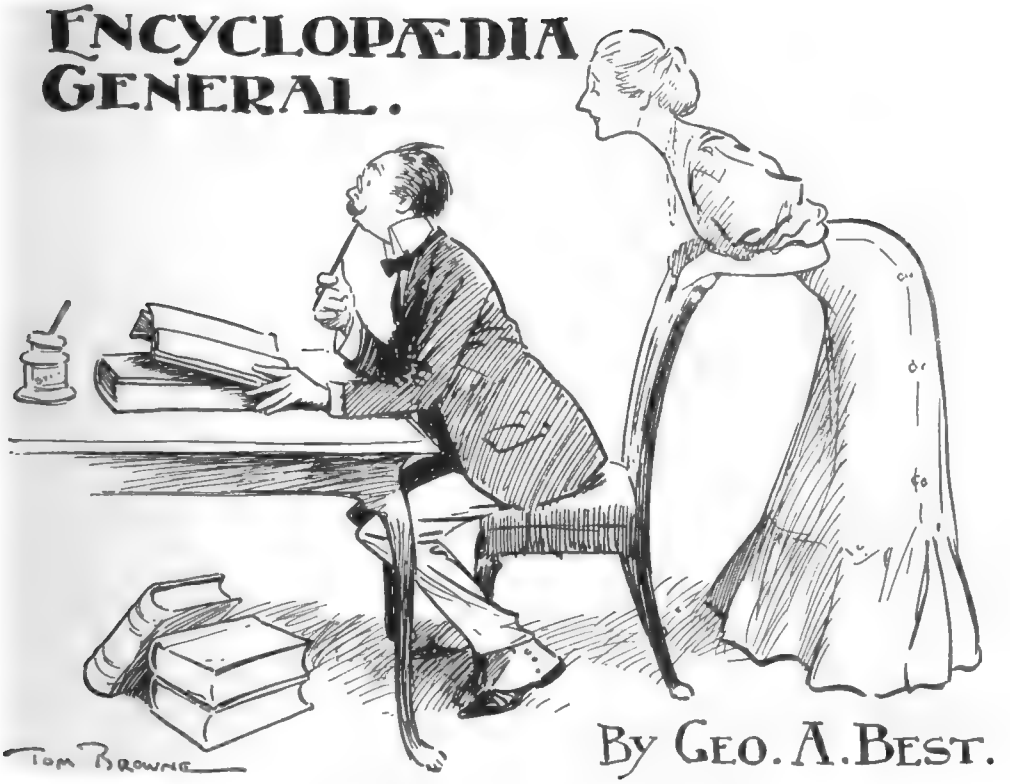
THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA GENERAL.



By Geo. A. Best.

Its Inception, Realisation, and Untimely End.

I.

When Jack first communicated to me the brilliant idea which he declared would bring us a fortune in about twenty years' time, I was not particularly enthusiastic. I had my own ideas as to the wisdom of allowing one's life-partner to indulge in the pastime of hobby-riding. To my mind the only hobby of a married man should be his wife. I imparted my views in this connection to Jack at some length.

"Mine is a hobby which we can both share," he replied, when I had finished, "otherwise I should not have entertained the idea for a single moment. The 'Encyclopædia General' will be a joint production, yours and mine. I shall search the newspapers for information on every conceivable subject; you will cut out the marked paragraphs and stick them into the preliminary volumes, the indexing of which I shall also undertake."

"You think, then, that I am quite incapable of compiling an intelligible index?" I remarked unpleasantly.

"You have had no experience in that pursuit, dear," explained Jack in a conciliatory tone. "The success or failure of our venture would rely entirely upon the comprehensiveness or otherwise of the index."

Jack took up the morning paper as he spoke, and drew my attention to a paragraph which he had already marked with blue pencil.

"That refers to the painless destruction of blackbeetles," he explained, as I read the item through. "How would you index it?"

I glanced at the paragraph with a critical eye, feeling that my reputation was at stake.

"I should write down: 'Destroy blackbeetles painlessly, How to,'" I said at length.

"Wrong," cried Jack triumphantly.

I turned my back on him and hummed rudely. His ill-timed hilarity irritated me beyond endurance.

"Don't you understand, dear, that the keynote of the information is 'Beetles?'" he said, laying a kindly hand on my shoulder.

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The item should be indexed as 'Beetles, How to painlessly kill black.'"

I did *not* understand, and I told him so—rather forcibly!

"Would it be correct to index extracts relating to the cost of boarding at a seaside house under 'Carpentry for Amateurs'?" I asked, assuming an expression of mild inquiry.

Jack became suddenly solemn. He looked up more in sorrow than in anger.

"When a woman tries to be humorous she generally says something exceptionally silly," he remarked. "This idea of mine to collect and classify information on all subjects gleaned from every reliable source, and to publish the net result in twenty years' time, is surely worthy of serious consideration and of sensible treatment."

He was so much in earnest that I felt rather sorry for my flippancy. It seemed almost like sacrilege.

"But won't the information of to-day be just a little old-fashioned by the time the work is completed and published?" I ventured, speaking in a more serious tone. "Suppose, for instance, that we had just issued such a miscellany as you propose, and that one of the proud owners of the Encyclopædia wished to refer to an article on bicycling, written by an expert in the year 1887?"

"He would look under the letter B, of course," said Jack sagely.

"Certainly," I agreed. "But that is not the point. Our information would probably be indexed in this way:—'Bicycle, How to choose and ride a spider'!"

Jack explained that the work would have to be thoroughly revised before publication, and that all out-of-date information would be eliminated. He appeared to be somewhat discouraged when I calculated that the task of elimination would probably wipe about fifteen volumes out of existence; but his ebbing enthusiasm revived again before the evening, when he returned from the City with four large indexes and some dozens of newspapers and periodicals. The half dozen books which were destined to receive the earliest cuttings had arrived earlier in the day, together with a pint bottle of gum, a new fountain pen, and half-a-gross of blue pencils.

It was a solemn moment when Jack made his first entry in one of the virgin indexes. There was a dreamy expression on his face. I could see that his thoughts were too deep for words. For the moment he was living in the year 1927; and his largely advertised warning to subscribers that they had only "two days more" in which to secure the "greatest work of the century" was already written in letters of gold on the study walls.

I peered curiously over my husband's shoulder as he carefully indexed the initial paragraphs. They read:

"Artichoke, How to boil a garden."

"Minister, The boy who became a Cabinet."

And that was the beginning of Jack's dream—the birthday of the "Encyclopædia General."

II.

Many months passed by, and the Encyclopædia, fed daily with a huge meal of facts and figures, grew so rapidly that the volumes overflowed from the bookcase and littered the study floor. I estimated that in less than two years' time we should be living in the scullery, while our literary octopus, having stretched forth its sticky tentacles and devoured the other rooms, one by one, would make a final attack and eventually compel us to take refuge in the stable.

Jack took no notice of my observations. He ignored every remark which was not of an informatory character; neglected everybody whose conversation could not be mentally indexed, and lived in a dream in which I played a part of no more importance than that of an ordinary "walker-on" or super. I felt that I was no longer Jack's wife. He had probably indexed me long ago under the letter G, thus: "Gum, The girl who attends to my;" or, "Gossiping, How to restrain a woman from." I had taken the place allotted to me in volume G—A—S to G—U—N, and the few virtues which I possessed were lost amongst the rival claims of glass, gorillas, and gelatine.

I was horribly ashamed of my husband when the Stutevant Smiths called on us one evening during the earlier stages of the mania. Jack scarcely spoke a single word, while I was doing my utmost to entertain our guests; but his lips were moving continually, and he was staring stonily at the gas-bracket just over Mr. Smith's head, while our mutual friend talked pleasantly about the easiest way to hang pictures, and the best system of dyeing clothes. Mrs. Smith spoke with some warmth on the subject of careless laundry work, and then told us that one of the younger boys had contracted a serious illness through eating immoderately of monkey nuts.

When Jack had closed the door (with

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Jack scarcely spoke a single word . . . his lips were moving continually, and he was staring stonily at the gas-bracket.

indecent haste!) upon our departing guests, I stooped and picked up a slip of paper which he had used as a cuff protector in anticipation of his usual unclean labour—labour mercifully interrupted, in this instance, by the unexpected visit of the Smiths. I read through the almost undecipherable message which the paper contained carefully before committing it to the flames. The information, evidently written surreptitiously, was worded as follows:

"Pictures, Advice to those about to hang."

"Clothes, Best method of dyeing quickly."

"Nuts, Illness caused by eating stale Monkey."

"Pocket-handkerchiefs, How to starch ladies'."

* * * * *

Within a week of that terribly humiliating evening, Mr. Smith paid us a second visit. He seemed greatly agitated, and could scarcely articulate the words which rushed to his lips in response to my polite greeting.

"I must see your husband at once," he gasped. "There's been a——"

The remainder of the sentence was drowned in a spasmodic gurgle. The poor fellow was trembling violently. Jack was at my elbow instantly. For the first time in six months his face had lost its vacant expression.

"You want help—information?" he questioned sharply, addressing Smith.

"Yes, yes," replied the other breathlessly. "I hear you're compiling an Encyclopædia. My boy has cut his knee badly—severed one of the main arteries, and we can't stop the bleeding! We've sent for the doctor, but he is generally out at this hour. My poor boy may bleed to death unless help is forthcoming in the meantime!"

"I'll turn up the advice you want in two ticks," Jack assured him, as he led the way to the study. "I remember indexing something

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Smith sat down nervously on three feet of miscellaneous information, while Jack rapidly scanned the index.

about arteries only last week. It'll be in A—P—E to A—S—K, under 'Artery, How to stop bleeding in a main.'"

Smith sat down nervously on three feet of miscellaneous information, while Jack rapidly scanned the index.

"Acting, antidotes, apes, apples," he read quickly. "Aquarium, art, artichoke, avoirdupois."

Jack paused and looked doubtfully at the open page.

"Try 'knee,'" I suggested hastily, seeing that poor Smith was listening to the idiotic recital with an impatience which only his innate politeness kept under restraint. Jack accepted the suggestion with alacrity.

"Knee will be in the K—I—S to K—U—S volume," he announced after a moment's thought. "Where is it?"

"For Heaven's sake be quick," ejaculated Smith. "I thought you had all the information at your finger tips."

"I think you're sitting on the very item we want, Mr. Smith," said Jack pleasantly. "We must be methodical in an urgent case of this sort, you know—it pays best in the long run."

Mr. Smith arose hastily with a very ugly word on his lips—a word which might have been indexed in various ways. He followed up the exclamation with an apologetic cough and glanced at me appealingly. I smiled back my forgiveness, even as I should have done if the poor little man had burst into a torrent of raging profanity. Jack was busy with the index while we were exchanging glances.

"'Kissing, knapsack, knead—knee,'" he announced triumphantly. "'Knee, Remarkable case of housemaid's'—that is scarcely what we want, is it? I'm afraid there's nothing further referring to knees. We'd better look under 'cut.'"

"Rot," hissed Smith, writhing like a cholera-stricken Hindoo.

Jack ignored the expletive entirely.

"We should have looked under 'cut' in the first instance," he said calmly. "Give me the C—O—W to C—U—Z section, Dora."

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I passed him the required volume, and he read: "'Cursing, The evils of'; 'Cushion, How to stuff a feather'; 'Custard, How to prepare a sago'; 'Cut, How to stop bleeding in a.'"

"That's the very thing," cried Smith hysterically.

"Page 35, column two, paragraph six," said Jack. "I knew that I had the information somewhere."

He turned to the page indicated and read aloud:

"Slight cuts and wounds may be successfully treated with ordinary sticking-plaster, which should be cut into narrow strips, well warmed, and applied to the part affected. In the case of more serious wounds surgical aid should be obtained without delay."

Smith rose to his feet, swaying like a drunken man. I could see that he was struggling to regain his lost voice—that he wished to express his feelings in a way which Jack could understand.

"Try bleeding in vein," I suggested hurriedly, hoping to nip the impending explosion in the bud.

Smith laughed dangerously. He had kicked the R—O—T to R—U—M volume under the table and was slowly regaining the power of speech.

"I am sorry to have given you so much trouble," he remarked with admirable self-control. "Perhaps the doctor has arrived by this time. If you don't mind, I'll run home just to see how matters stand, while you look up the information together."

And in spite of Jack's assurance that the greatly-desired item would surely be found within the next two minutes, Mr. Smith beat a hasty retreat and left us alone with our consciences—and the Encyclopædia.

* * * * *

Smith junior did not bleed to death, thanks to the timely arrival of the doctor, who appeared on the scene within a few minutes of the departure of the agonised father.

The end of the "Encyclopædia General" was far more tragic. Realising at length the proverbial stubbornness of facts, Jack steeped about ten thousand of them in naphtha and oil and burnt them to death on the asparagus bed, having first looked up "Paper, How to burn compressed quickly," in the eighth volume of the condemned work. As though to spite itself, and give the lie to its own teachings, the thing smouldered dismally for twenty-four hours, and several hundreds of assorted facts which managed to escape the holocaust were carried away by a strong, south-westerly wind and deposited in the neighbouring gardens.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

A MATHEMATICAL DEMONSTRATION.

Talking together of sums one day—
For the college term had just begun—
I happened to say in a quizzical way:
"I can prove to you easily, any day,
That 2 and 2 make 1."

"How can you prove it?" she quickly cried
As I softly closed the open door;
"I can't believe it until you've tried"—
And she opened her serious eyes so wide—
"For 2 and 2 make 4."

"Please just allow me to demonstrate,
And you will agree with me when I've done."
It did not require a pencil and slate,
No problem was ever so simple to state
As 2 and 2 make 1.

"Now, are you ready? No points, pray, miss;
'Tis the simplest thing beneath the sun.
You add 2 red lips to 2 like this—
You see, it takes 4 just to make 1 kiss—
Thus 2 and 2 make 1."

"Less equal to greater. Enough to make
Poor Euclid shudder, the dear old bore."
"Then, please, a correction I'll dare to make.
To add to the 1, 3 more I'll take;
Now 2 and 2 make 4."

Arthur Clay.

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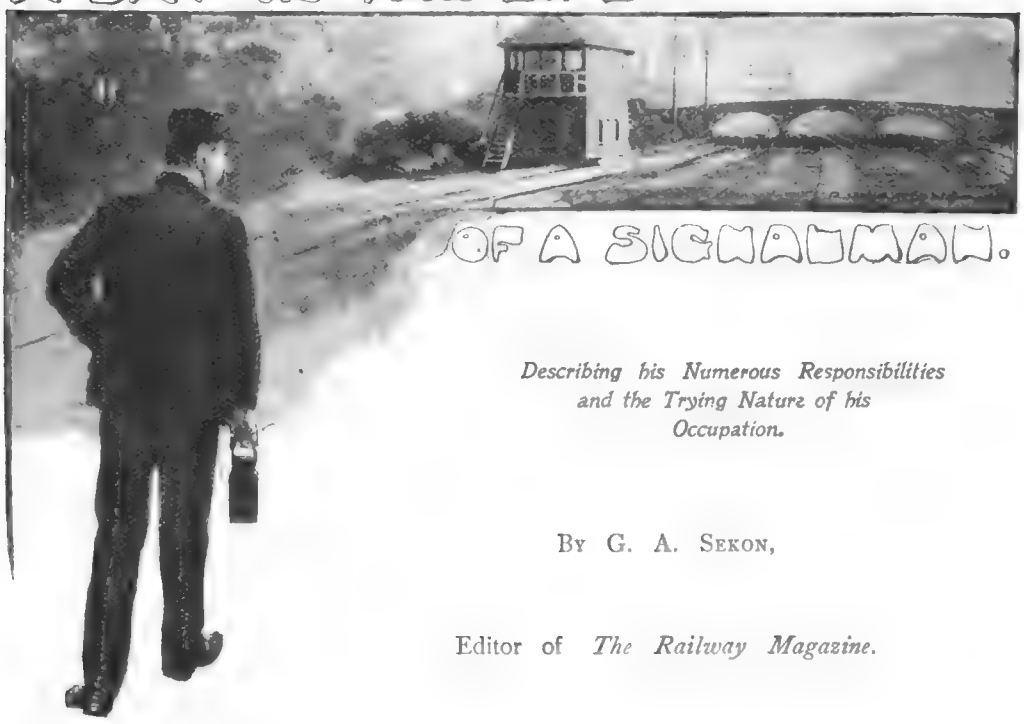
A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A SIGNALMAN.



Describing his Numerous Responsibilities and the Trying Nature of his Occupation.

By G. A. Sekon,

Editor of *The Railway Magazine.*

The fact that so many of my actions are instinctive accounts, I suppose, for my waking up at half-past five on the Monday mornings when I am on the early shift.

At all events, after being off duty for thirty-two hours, I jump out of bed, set light to the fire, wash, dress, drink a cup of tea, which I had made as soon as the kettle boiled, call my "missus," and walk the couple of hundred yards that separate my cottage (which belongs to the railway on which I am employed) from the signal-box in which I spend my working hours.

Arrived a few minutes before six, I pass the time of day with my mate, who has been on the night shift, and by the time he has explained the state of affairs to enable me to take up the work, it is six o'clock, so Bill puts on his coat, gathers together his kit and his commissariat outfit, and with a "So long, mate," opens the door of the signal-box and departs, to spend the next sixteen hours in rest and recreation.

I am now "monarch of all I survey," my citadel (as I call my signal-cabin) being a detached two-storey building, the upper floor some eight feet above ground level, and approached by a flight of wooden steps. The apartment in which I spend my eight hours of duty is about 10 feet wide, 25 feet long, and 9 feet high. It is inclosed by glass on three sides, so that I have a clear view of the railway both up and down and immediately in front of me.

Running almost the length of the box and next to the glazed front is the lever frame, containing thirty-eight levers, working the various signals, points, and discs. Above the levers, about level with my shoulders, is a shelf on which are arranged the various block instruments on which the trains are signalled from block to block.

My cabin contains six sets, there being four main roads as well as a branch—the up fast, up slow, down fast, down slow, up branch, and down branch. Above the glazed portion of the front is a plan, drawn to a large scale, of the portion of the railway controlled by my points and signals, each of which is shown by a number printed in a distinctive colour, both the number and the colour corresponding with a lever in the frame below.

At one end of the box is a set of flags (green and red) for hand-signalling, also a lamp with green and red coloured lenses for

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hand-signalling during darkness, fog, and snow. At the other end is a zinc-covered counter on which the lamps are trimmed; beneath the counter is a zinc-lined cupboard in which the lamps, wick, and oil are stored.

Along the back of the box is a desk on which is the train record book, two single needle telegraph instruments—one for the main and one for the branch—and also a telephone. On shelves are books to which I may have occasion to refer, the working time-table and appendix, the rule book, book of forms for single line working, a stock of fog signals, etc. The back wall is decorated with various notices relating to the working of the traffic, special regulations affecting this signal cabin, etc. The most conspicuous of these notices is a list of the trains that pass my box, to which I may have frequent occasion to refer. There is also a pipe stove for warming the box, cooking food, etc.

The lever frame, as I have already said, contains thirty-eight levers. Above the levers, at the back of the frame, runs a brass plate, on which is engraved the name of each signal lever, thus: "Down fast distant," "Down fast home," etc., and on each lever is fixed a brass plate with a conspicuous number. Below this number is a series of other numbers, which represent the order in which other levers have to be pulled off before the one on which they are engraved can be moved. The large-sized number on each lever is the same as that shown on the plan of the railway already referred to.

The levers are arranged, so far as possible, in the order in which it is necessary to operate them, and below the block-signalling instruments relating to them. Thus beneath the up fast instrument the levers are arranged in the following sequence: Up distant, up home, up starting, up advanced starting.

The lower chamber of the signal-cabin contains the wonderful interlocking frame—which makes us do our work correctly even if we wanted to go wrong—the connecting rods leading to the points, the wires to the signals, the electric batteries, stores, etc.

Having thus described the apartment in which I perform my daily task, I turn my attention to "the trivial round" that keeps me pretty well employed, mentally and physically, for the next eight hours.

During the time I am on duty, few words will escape my lips, and my ears will hear little of the human voice; yet almost incessant conversations will be taking place between me and the men in the adjoining signal-boxes. The words will be spoken by loud-sounding gongs, actuated by electricity, ringing at the bidding of myself, or some other signalman. These messages will have but one theme—that of the safety of the passing trains and their living freights. The bells will ring out many combinations of sounds, each conveying a precise and definite meaning, yet all with one object—the protection of the trains.

You may like a specimen of this bell language. Here it is—for the bell worked from Arton, the station on the up-side of my box (which a down train passes before arriving at my station—Bestal), rings out dong! to call my attention. I press a lever, which repeats the dong at Arton, thus letting the signalman know that he has my attention.

The reply is three beats, pause, one beat, an intimation from Arton that he has an ordinary slow passenger train ready to travel to Bestal.

I may here state that information as to the character of the various trains, as well as the other signals, is conveyed by a recognised code of bell signals. This signal I acknowledge by repeating it, thereby informing Arton that I am ready to accept the train, and I thereupon show upon the block indicator instrument *Line clear*.

Arton then gives two strokes of the bell, thus informing me that the train is leaving his station for mine.

This signal I acknowledge by giving two beats on the bell in the Arton signal-box, and I also place the block indicator to its normal position.

Arton then sends the dial signal, *Train entering section*, and I alter the block indicator to *Train on line*. Arton pegs the indicator to this position, and I cannot now alter it until I send the code signal, *Train out of section*.

I immediately call the attention of Cindor by giving one ring on his bell (the *call attention* signal), and then lower my signals for the approaching train. The interlocking makes it necessary for me first to "pull off" my starting signal, and then my home signal, before I can lower the distant signal, so that the "all right" signals are lowered in the reverse order to that in which the approaching train will see them, the reason for this being that the distant signal is only a cautionary signal, and its function is to prepare the driver for obeying the home signal, which is an absolute stop signal, and must not be passed at "danger," although the distant signal may be.

It is obvious, therefore, that it would never

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do to let a distant signal show "all right" if the home signal were at danger; for this reason the interlocking has been devised so that unless the home signal and the starting signal are at "all right," the distant signal cannot be lowered; hence the necessity for pulling off the "home" and starting signals to unlock the gear of the distant signal in the interlocking frame.

Distant signals at which trains do not have to stop are distinguished by having a piece cut out of the semaphore thus: Home, and all signals which may not be passed when in the horizontal or danger position, have the arm cut at right angles thus:

As soon as the train has passed my distant signal, I put it to danger, as I do also the home signal, as soon as it has passed that.

Meanwhile I am exchanging the same code of signals with Cindor, only I am doing what Arton was previously doing, and Cindor is acting as I did.

The station work being finished the train proceeds on its journey. When it has passed the starting signal I press down the plunger of my bell instrument twice, pause, and then press it down again; this causes the bell in Arton signal-box to *dong, dong* —(pause) *dong*; the intimation conveyed by this code is that *Train is out of section.*

Upon receipt of this signal Arton releases my block indicator, the *Train on line* indicator thus disappearing, and I put the disc to its normal position.

In the intervals between the various operations above described, I have been making entries in the *Train Book.*

I now have a pleasant interruption, for my little daughter arrives with my breakfast.

The left hand page of this is headed *Up trains*, and the right hand *Down trains.*

Each page is divided into columns by vertical lines, these divisions having the following headings on each page:

Is line clear from box in rear?	Train entering section.	Description of train.	No. of engine.	Train out of section given.	Departure or passed.
H. M.	H. M.			H. M.	H. M.
6 18	6 19	3—1	184	6 27	6 28

Is line clear to signal-box in advance?		Signal refused	Line clear received.	Train entering section forwarded.	Remarks.
H. M.	H. M.		H. M.	H. M.	
6 20		—	6 22	6 27	Train due at 6.25

It must not be supposed that the whole of my time has been spent in attending to the signals and block instruments relating to the one train whose course from Arton to Bestal and its subsequent departure for Cindor I have described.

I have six sets of instruments to attend to, and trains have been passing on some of the other lines.

About this time Fordgate, an important station ten miles down the line, rings me up on the telephone to tell me that the 7.45 up fast passenger will run on the slow road because the fast line must be kept clear for the boat train, which is running late. By means of another telephone I communicate this intelligence to the station staff so that they can direct the passengers to No. 4 platform instead of No. 2, the platform which the 7.45 train usually calls at.

I now have a pleasant interruption, for my little daughter arrives with my breakfast, but a signalman in a busy box cannot partake of a meal in comfort, for he is sure to be interrupted. The spoiler of my breakfast this morning is a "pick-up" goods from the branch, and I have a good deal of shunting operations to carry out to get this train into the goods yard. Having got it safely there I leave it to the attention of the shunter, who operates the hand levers of the points in the yard which control sidings which do not communicate with the running lines. Such points as work lines communicating with the running lines are all interlocked with the signals, and can only be worked by me.

In a little while there appears one of the few people allowed to enter the signal-box. It is the lampman employed at the station, who begins bringing in the signal and disc lamps, making journeys to the various signals and discs for this purpose. He spends the morning in the signal-box, cleaning, trimming, and refilling these signal

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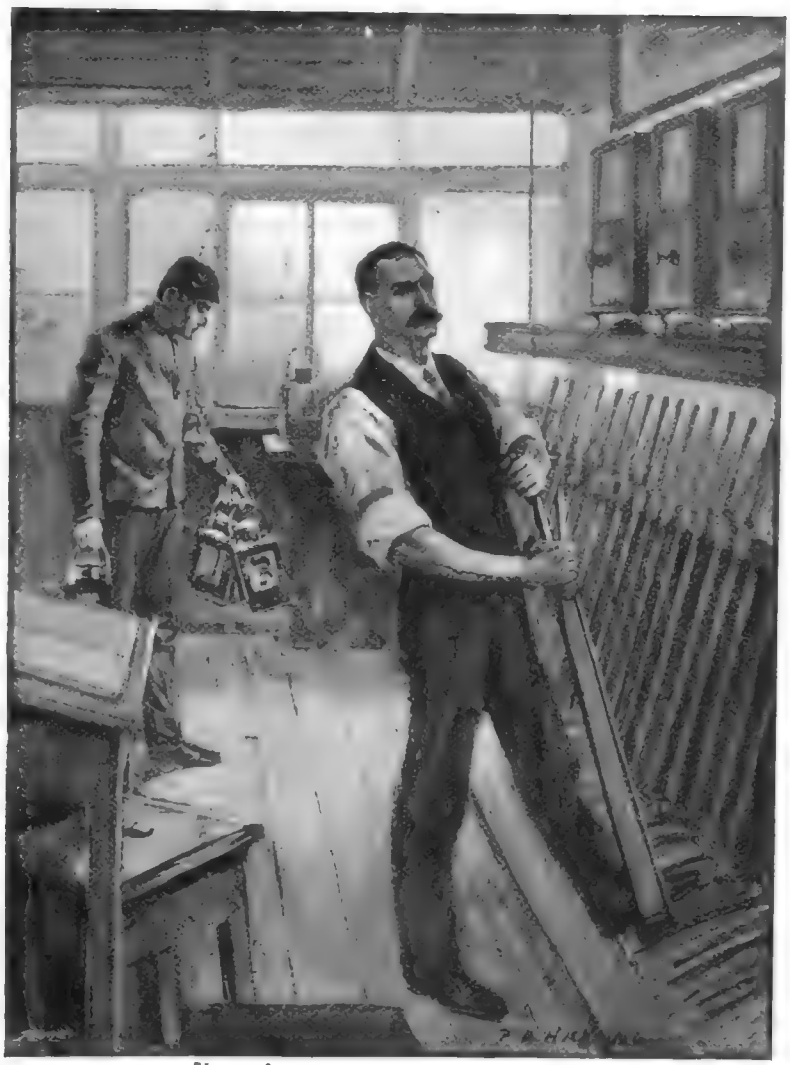
lamps, etc., at the zinc-lined counter already alluded to.

Having finished my breakfast, I begin to tidy up the signal-box. While I am thus engaged the down fast road bell rings out in a distinctly decisive manner *dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong*, intimating an obstruction on the line. Without waiting for the code telephone call, I at once go to the receiver (glancing at my signal levers as I do so to see if all my down fast signals are at danger) and ask Cindor "What's the matter?" He replies that a truck from a siding has been pushed over the trap point and may be fouling the road, and that until he is certain—to be on the safe side—he has sent the "obstruction signal.



In a little while there appears . . . the lampman employed at the station, who begins bringing in the signal and disc lamps.

Not many minutes elapse before I receive 2—pause—1 on the down fast instrument, meaning that the obstruction is removed, followed by a telephonic communication informing me that the line had not been fouled by the derailed truck.

At ten o'clock the speaking telegraph instrument ticks out the time signal, which is sent daily from London to the principal stations. I glance at my clock and see that I must put it back about half-a-minute.

The stations on the branch do not receive the time signal, so it is my duty to send it on the block telegraph bell to Dupnall—the first signal-box on the branch.

Now another visitor appears. This time it is the station-master, who is paying his usual daily visit to the box, and mentions certain details, which he considers need attention, and also asks for explanations on some matters that have been referred to him by the district superintendent.

Meanwhile the signalling goes on in the usual manner.

As each train passes I watch to see that there is a tail lamp at the back of the last vehicle, an indication that the whole of the train is attached to the engine. Should the lamp be missing, the probability is that part of the train has been left behind, thus necessitating immediate action to prevent an accident. I should at once have to send the *Train passed without tail lamp* signal to the

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box in advance and to the box in the rear. The train would have passed beyond my control, so the former would have to deal with the train itself, whilst the signalman in the rear would stop the next train, advise the driver of the circumstance, and instruct him to travel with caution and keep a good look-out in case a portion of the train had been left on the line.

Now that all passenger trains are fitted with a continuous brake, the automatic action of the brake would at once pull up the train, as well as the detached portion, so that it is principally with the signalling of goods trains that the "train passed without tail lamp" signal has to be sent. Instant decision and immediate action are requisite to deal with a break-away, coupled also with an intimate acquaintance with the position of the various trains in the vicinity at the time.

Runaway vehicles will travel in the direction of the falling gradient, and if this be the same as that in which the train is travelling, great care must be exercised by the driver, or the runaway will collide with the other part of the train. On the other hand, if the disconnection take place on a rising gradient, the detached vehicles will travel backwards. To prevent such runaways dashing into a following train, "catch points" are provided at the bottom of steep banks, which turn the vehicles "running away in the wrong direction" off the line, but on the opposite side of the road to the other set of metals; consequently the derailment does not block the other road.

Many exciting scenes and hairbreadth escapes from accidents have occurred with break-aways. So soon as it is certain that such a mishap has occurred, the signalman must send the bell intimation to the box in advance in the direction in which the runaway is travelling. Should this be in the "right direction," *i.e.*, on the down line in the down direction, the occurrence is not likely to be serious. It is when we receive the alarming 2—pause—5—pause—5 bell-signal, conveying the direful intelligence that a train is "running away in the *wrong* direction," that matters assume a serious aspect.

A following train may be in the section, and unless the driver of it is keeping a good look-out, can stop, reverse his train, and travel backwards before the runaway has time to catch him up and collide with him, an alarming collision is inevitable.

Once I had a very exciting time with a runaway, consisting of four trucks and a goods brake. I had accepted a down express passenger train, when I received the 2—pause—5—pause—5 signal from the box in advance. I at once threw the signals to danger in front of the fast approaching express.

I had a "cross-over" road at my station, but had accepted an up train, which was to stop at the station; and this train was now approaching my signal-box. I shouted to the driver: "Do not stop; there is a runaway behind you! Go ahead, full speed!" Luckily he understood me, but still the guard might not grasp the situation, and under the impression that the driver had forgotten to stop at the station, the guard might stop the train by applying the brake.

As luck would have it, a porter on the platform heard what I said to the driver, and he gave the "go-on" manual signal for all he was worth, at the same time shouting to the people on the platform: "Stand back—not this train." The guard was in the act of applying his brake, when he guessed there was some good reason for the driver not stopping.

Never before had I so keenly felt the disadvantage of the interlocking apparatus, and I heartily wished its wonderful safety devices elsewhere, for here was I waiting to set the "cross-over" to get the runaway out of the way of the approaching express, yet could not do so until the up train had passed, so that I could put the various signals to danger behind it.

At that instant the runaway reached the facing point of the "cross-over," and I quite thought I was too late, as at that moment I was able to put the up signals to danger and reverse the points of the "cross-over;" but I could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw the runaway take the "cross-over." Danger was now over, because the line commences to rise beyond the station, consequently the upward gradient soon stopped the trucks.

The company rewarded the porter and me for our alertness in preventing a serious collision.

But there is another side to the picture, as, although we get rewarded, we also get fined. The following will show how this can easily happen, even when one is doing what he considers best under the circumstances. I am offered three passenger trains (up and down branch trains and an up slow), and have to decide instantaneously which I shall deal with first. These decisions are of more moment to signalmen than the public appreciate.

In a case such as this I must delay one and perhaps two of the trains. These delays

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will be noted on the guards' journals, and I shall be called upon to explain them. If I cannot convince the district superintendent that I did what was best in the matter I may be fined. The fines vary from 2s. 6d. to 10s. (the larger ones in cases of serious accidents resulting from acts of omission or commission on the part of the signalman, the smaller sums for derailments of trucks in shunting, etc.).

The problem at present under consideration is this—shall I stop the up main line train, and accept the up and down branch trains, thus only delaying the first, or accept the up main, and stop the two branch trains? If this were all, the decision could at once be made, but there are other circumstances to be taken into consideration. What is the relative importance of the trains? Which are running nearest to their booked times? Which have the best chances of making up the time lost by the delay?

I decide to accept the up main line (although it is late) for the following reasons: It has to make connections at Elswood—a junction a few miles further on—and the later it is so much the more will the working of the branch trains from and to Elswood be upset.

The down branch passenger train is allowed ten minutes for station work at Galeston, ten miles down the branch; but this work can be performed in five minutes, so, although in consequence of the delay at my station, the down branch passenger train may arrive late at Galeston, it will be able to leave there punctually. Finally the up branch train has to attach two vans at my station, and will, therefore, be delayed three minutes, which would result in the up main line passenger train being delayed this additional three minutes if I kept that back and let the two branch trains through.

I shouted to the driver; "Do not stop; there is a runaway behind you! Go ahead, full speed!"

Having made the decision I give "line clear" for the up main line train, but accept the branch trains under the "Section clear, but junction blocked" regulations, an arrangement which necessitates Dupnall (the station on the branch) stopping the up branch train and informing the driver that he can proceed cautiously to my (Bestal) home signal, but that he must stop there until it is lowered for him to proceed. The same method has been adopted in the case of the down train, whilst, had not the up main line train arrived at my signals well before it was possible for the other trains to have arrived, I should have kept my signals against the up main line train as a precautionary measure.

The breaking of a connecting wire of one of the signals introduces a little variety; it gives me an occasion to ring the call bell at the station, which brings a porter to know what I

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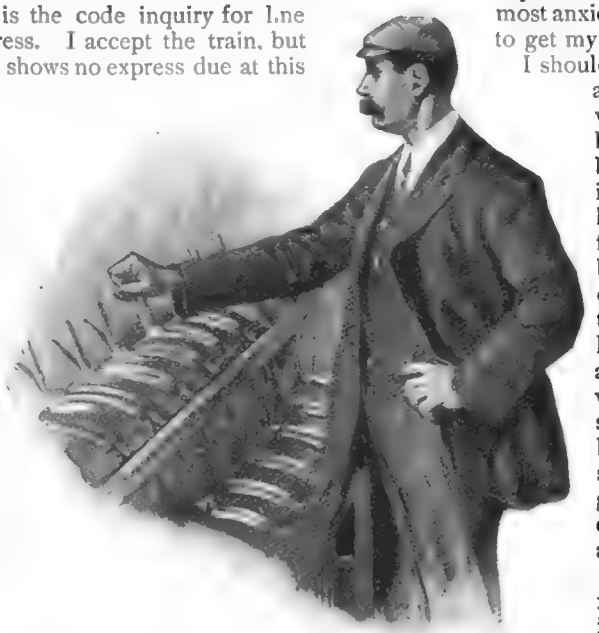
want. I tell him to send a platelayer to repair the wire temporarily. Meanwhile I turn the signal indicator—a diamond-shaped board hung outside the signal-box—so that the red side is exposed, thus indicating to men working passing trains that the signal fitter is required.

The trainmen will give the information at the next stopping place, whilst, should a signal fitter be travelling by a passing train, he would at once visit my box and render assistance, as he is always on the look-out for such indications that his assistance is required. During the morning I am surprised to receive four consecutive beats on the down fast instrument, which is the code inquiry for line clear for an express. I accept the train, but as the time-table shows no express due at this time, and none is running late, I get out the 'Weekly Notice of Extra Traffic' to see what the train may be, and find it is a race special for Lippam.



Power signalling is being introduced, compressed air or electricity doing the hard work at the bidding of the signalman.

The "Weekly Notice" pamphlet is issued every week and contains particulars of, and the running times of, all extra trains that will run during the coming week, so far as they are known at the time of going to press. There are, of course, many others that are run at shorter notice, and these are also advised by a previous special circular as far as possible. Any specials that are run at such short notice that it is impossible to give written intimation about them are advised by telegraph. The race special duly passes, and as I look at the rear to see if the tail lamp is on the last vehicle, I observe a large, oval board, painted red, suspended from the buffer-beam.

This "train following board" intimates that the special is running in two parts, and that the second part will not be advised by telegraph, although, of course, it will be block-signalled in the usual way from signal-box to signal-box.

The pangs of hunger warn me that something to eat would be welcome, but as I am going off duty for the day at two o'clock I prefer to wait till I reach home before partaking of my dinner—one cannot properly enjoy a meal whilst attending to the signalling.

It is not long before Tom, the signalman who succeeds me, appears. He will be on duty from 2 to 10 p.m., at which time the man I relieved at six o'clock will return to duty. During the rest of the day I am at liberty to engage in any form of recreation I desire, but I have certain reports to answer, and must take time to consider how best to word my explanations, as I am naturally most anxious not to be fined or to get my bonus reduced.

I should here explain that in addition to our wages we are paid an annual bonus—in first-class boxes such as Bestal it is £5 a year—if we have a clear record for the twelve months, but the bonus is reduced if we are unfortunate and have mishaps, whilst a serious accident for which we are held responsible will wipe the bonus out altogether, so that we have a great incentive to carry out our work in a careful manner.

Such is my daily round—one week it is from 6 a.m. to 2 p.m., the next from 10 p.m. to 6 a.m., and the third from 2 p.m. to 10 p.m.

Power signalling is being introduced, compressed air or electricity doing the hard work at the bidding of the signalman. Automatic signalling is also in operation at some places, thus dispensing with the human element; it may supersede the present system altogether, but I expect I shall be on superannuation long before that takes place.

Meanwhile, the fact that the railways give us a bonus when our duties are properly performed is a proof that the companies recognise that the successful working of the traffic is largely dependent upon the physical efficiency and mental alertness of the signalman.

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MISSING ANIMALS

①

"I CAN'T WINTER," THE MAIDEN SAID,
AS CLOSER HER SHE DREW
WITH FINGERS, WARMLY GLOVED,
"I FOR THE SUMMER DON'T

②

"IN SUMMER OF COURSE TO TENNIS YOU'D
OR TO WITH IN HAND
OR LAZILY THE BANK AND
OR TO ON THE SEA WOULD GRAND."

③

"DON'T AT THE WEATHER," THE YOUNG MAN SAID
"I COULD THE WHOLE WINTER THROUGH,
BUT I'M TAKING MY AND FAIR COZ TO PLAY GOLF
AND NOW AT THE WE ARE DUE."

④

"DON'T LEAVE ME, DEAR "SHE SAID DRAWING
"IN THIS WE STAY. NIGHER,
AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE SO MUCH ADMIRE."
HERE SHE SHOOK HER THICK IN PLAY.

⑤

"LIGHT OF MY !" THE YOUTH REPLIED,
"I NOT MY COMING BLISS
IF I HAVE YOUR GIRL," HE CRIED,
"OUR LOVE WE WITH A KISS!"

L. Mc GOWAN.

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Real Life Romances.

The Editor is Always Pleased to Pay Liberally for Real Life Romances. They Should be Five Hundred Words in Length. They Must also be True, and Substantiated by Names and Dates, not for Publication, but as a Guarantee of Good Faith.

From Bootlace-Seller to Millionaire.

THE ROMANCE OF A CHANGE OF FORTUNE.

AMONG the many sellers of bootlaces, studs, and other trifles that throng the neighbourhood of the Hamburg Bourse, a handsome youth was at one time conspicuous. His open, well-cut features, and honest expression, seemed to merit a happier fate, but up to two years ago he remained a familiar figure to the frequenters of the Exchange. Then he disappeared.

Though his genial temper and pleasant manner had secured him many friends, only a few knew that he had received a mysterious letter, inviting him to come out to Brazil, giving full particulars of the prospects in store for him, and inclosing the passage-money.

He placed in the hands of each a printed card.

One morning, a short time ago, a very smart turn-out, with a couple of fine Hungarian "Juckers" between the shafts, drew up in the Place of the Bourse. The young man on the box, who was dressed in the height of fashion, threw the reins to the groom and alighted.

But, instead of running up the steps of the Exchange, he turned, and going up to one after the other of the street-hawkers who were crowding round, he placed in the hands of each a printed card. This he repeated in walking through the neighbouring streets, and then, returning to his carriage, remounted the box and drove swiftly away.

The street-sellers could hardly believe their eyes, when they read an invitation to dine that evening at one of Hamburg's palatial hotels.

At eight o'clock a motley gathering crowded the vestibule of the great hotel. Those who had feared a hoax were reassured by the hall porter's manner, and the waiters were politeness itself.

What was their surprise when their host introduced himself as their former friend and fellow-tradesman! When all had satisfied their appetites, their host leant back in his chair and told them the story of his good fortune.

The writer of the mysterious letter had proved to be no other than his own father, who, having amassed a vast fortune, had repented of deserting his wife long ago.

He determined to make what amends he could, and, having ascertained that she had died and left a son, he sent for the youth, without betraying his identity, in order that he might prove his worth. A few months sufficed to dispel all doubts, and he joyfully adopted him and made him heir to his vast wealth.

When the merry party at last broke up, and the host stood at the door to give each guest a parting shake of the hand, he pressed into each palm a substantial reminder that he had now indeed "enough and to spare."

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A Dog Hero.

THE ROMANCE OF A BURGLAR.

THE scene of this Romance is a certain house in Poplar Grove, Birmingham, and the heroine Mrs. Rogers, the wife of an auctioneer of that city.

One Wednesday evening in January of this year, Mrs. Rogers was alone reading in her drawing-room. On a rug before the fire a fine boarhound lay sleeping.

A silence hung over the house. At the other end of it no doubt the servants were moving about, but the sound of their footsteps did not penetrate the room. Mrs. Rogers glanced at the clock and wondered how much longer her husband would be before he returned from his office. The boarhound rose to his feet, stretched himself, and with a luxurious yawn sought to continue his siesta beneath the table.

Time went on. Presently Mrs. Rogers turned in her chair and glanced at one of the windows. A peculiar scratching noise had attracted her attention. Her heart began to throb nervously. Was it a mouse in the casement, she wondered? But the loudness of the scraping dispelled this hope. Suddenly the window-fastener shot back with a sharp click.

Now thoroughly terrified, the lady stood up and gazed wildly at the window. There was no mistaking the sound.

Someone was endeavouring to break into the house.

She turned towards the door. At that instant the sash was hurled up violently, and the leg of a man showed beneath the blind. In a moment he stood before her, a burly ruffian, his eyes fierce with greed.

With a gruff voice, the man, placing himself before the door, demanded that the terrified lady should hand over all that she possessed.

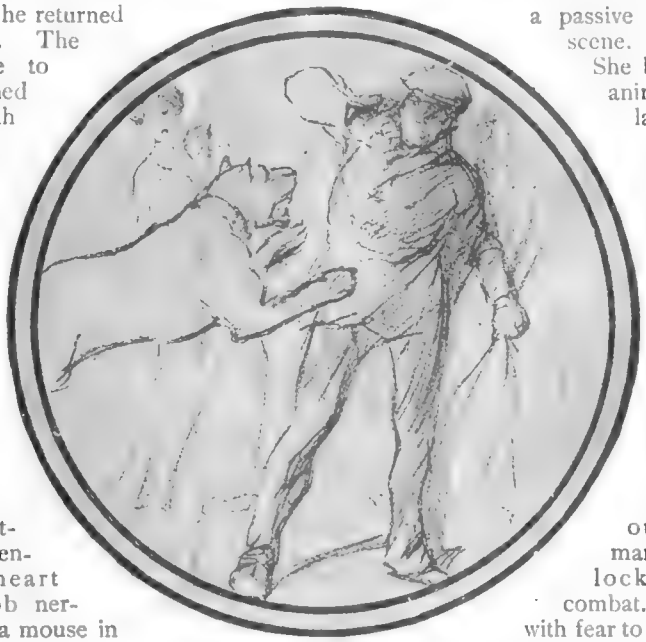
"I have no money with me," Mrs. Rogers answered.

At this the ruffian broke into oaths and repeated his demand.

"I will give you everything I have," the lady persisted; "but I really have no money."

"Then," said the burglar, "if you don't give me money I shall kill you."

Now filled with a deadly fear, for the ruffian looked murderous enough to carry out any threat, Mrs. Rogers bethought herself of the dog, who had been a passive witness of the scene.



A heavy body, headed by two level rows of strong, white teeth, was flying straight at his throat.

She beckoned to the animal. The burglar glanced at the table. Then his eyes stared out with horror. A heavy body, headed by two level rows of strong, white teeth, was flying straight at his throat. One fraction of a second this picture stood out. The next, man and dog were locked in deadly combat. Too paralysed with fear to seek flight, Mrs. Rogers clung to a chair. Now the ruffian had shaken the dog from his throat. But undaunted, the animal crouched to spring again. In vain the man kicked the boarhound. Its blood now roused to fury, the dog leaped on the man and once more strove to shake him like a rat.

Another fierce encounter followed, and all the while the man edged step by step nearer to the window, until with a desperate effort he threw the boarhound from him, and with a frantic rush tumbled through.

Then a wounded dog rushed to his mistress' side, and received her thanks, his flanks from which the blood streamed showing how deadly had been the fight.

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Saved by a Beetle.

THE ROMANCE OF AN ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

DURING the nine years we had lived at our house we had not seen one mouse, or rat, or blackbeetle!

This was something to be proud of when one considers the swarms of these pests that are to be found in many suburban houses, in spite of traps and poison.

Only a few evenings before the night of the adventure in question we had been discussing these household pests, and mother had given us some thrilling descriptions of the mice which infested the old Suffolk farmhouse in which she was born and brought up.

On the night when the incident I am about to describe occurred, I went upstairs to my bedroom and undressed, noticing nothing unusual at all until I turned back the bedclothes from my bed to get in. There, right in the centre of the bed, and crawling on the sheet on which I should myself have lair, was a huge blackbeetle, the first and only one we ever saw in that house.

There, right in the centre of the bed . . . was a huge blackbeetle.

I recoiled with horror, for blackbeetles were the one thing above all others which I could not stand, and I ran from the room. On the stairs I met my sister, who shared the room with me. We went back to the room, and the beetle was still in the same place.

My sister knocked the loathsome creature from the bed and attempted to tread on it, but soon as it touched the ground it scuttled away and was lost in an instant. Although we hunted for some time we could find no trace of it. It had completely vanished.

However, I was not able to reconcile myself to sleeping in that bed, or indeed that room, on that particular night, having vague fears that the beetle would return to the bed and share it with me, which I think would have been enough to drive me out of my senses.

My sister and I, therefore, after having another look for the beetle, not forgetting to search in the other bed, but without avail, went to another room intending to spend the night there. This we did, and in the morning we returned to our own bedroom to dress.

On opening the door, what was our surprise to find that the bed in which I had originally intended to sleep, had it not been for the beetle, was completely smothered with huge pieces of plaster from the ceiling!

The other bed in the room, incredible as it may sound, was absolutely untouched save for the dust which had been caused by the fall!

Had I slept in the bed it was practically certain that I should have been killed, or at any rate severely injured. The remarkable part of the story is that there had been on the previous evening no cracks in the ceiling, or any other sign that it was likely to collapse in the near future.

My family continued to live in that house for several years, and indeed they still live there, although I have left home, but from that day to this there has been absolutely no sign of a blackbeetle in that or any other room of the house.

Naturally our story caused a great deal of comment when related at the breakfast table, and the rest of the family congratulated us very sincerely on our fortunate escape. I have always felt a sneaking regard for the beetle ever since, in spite of my dislike of its species, and I confess that I am glad it escaped my sister's avenging foot, and got off scot free.

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A Terrible Experience.

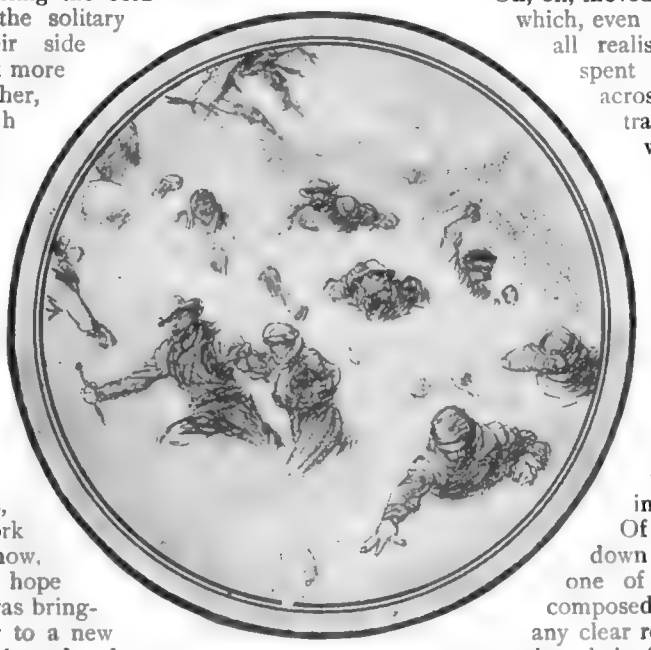
THE ROMANCE OF AN AVALANCHE.

THE wind whistled in an icy blast down the Great St. Bernard Pass. All was whiteness, save for the dark ruts that marked the waggon's path and the narrower lines of sleigh runners.

Presently nine dark figures loomed in sight—night travellers on the mountain pass. They were ill-clad to face the perils of such a journey, and not without many a warning word had they set out that morning.

One glance at the pinched, bronzed faces of the men told that, despite the fact that the day was warm for the time of season, their bodies were already feeling the cold acutely. And the solitary woman at their side wound her cloak more closely about her, walking with chattering teeth.

Theirs was a tale of suffering. Only that morning they had set out from the country of their birth, Italy; beautiful Italy, with its vineyards, its olive plantations, and orange-gardens, could find no work for them. And now, buoyed by the hope that every step was bringing them nearer to a new country, to Switzerland, where men said they would surely find employment, they had faced the Great St. Bernard Pass.



The felt it . . . fast rising deeper, rushing around their feet.

By midday they were halfway up the mountain, trudging bravely through the deep snow. On their right lay a deep slope springing from a thickly-wooded hollow. On the left the mountain rose, gently sloping, until it seemed to merge its whiteness in the sky.

Several times, as they had journeyed, they had heard the loud roar of an avalanche. But now a curious rumbling sound, as if some vast body were being drawn over the surface of the mountain, fell on their ears. Minute by minute it appeared to come nearer. Suddenly one of the men uttered a cry of horror, and pointed frenziedly at the mountain.

Bearing down on them at an even and seemingly terrible rate was a moving field of snow. To their terrified imagination it seemed that the whole mountain was pouring out its snows in a heaving, roaring torrent of foam.

Soon they felt it, at first shallow and easy to resist, but fast rising deeper, rushing around their feet. Then each one struggled for his life, and sought to gain a foothold on the cracking, frozen surface of the moving snow.

On, on, moved the avalanche, which, even in their danger, all realised had nearly spent itself, straight across the narrow track, down towards the deep slope on its left. Clinging, rolling, tumbling, their faces scratched by broken fragments of ice, and their bodies bruised by the larger, all strove to keep their heads free in the air.

Of the journey down the slope not one of the nine who composed the party has any clear recollection, and what their fate would have been no one can say had not the gliding mass encountered the wood at the bottom of the hollow.

There, with the friendly aid of the branches, they were able to clamber high into the trees, and thus, secure, wait while the avalanche, now checked in its course, piled itself up into a solid mass below.

Late in the evening nine bruised figures entered the little town on the Italian side of the pass, resolved at all hazards to find some employment in their own country until the snows had melted sufficiently for them to cross the Great St. Bernard Pass in safety.

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How a Girl Lost her Soldier Lover.

By Ida A. R. Wylie.

I.

"There goes a man who is hurrying along the road to—er—ruination just as fast as he can go," said the Major, swallowing a somewhat stronger expression. "Mark it, and be warned in time from doing likewise!"

The Judge in the neighbouring lounge chair opened his eyes sleepily.

"My density is proverbial," he said. "Pity me, and be lucid."

The Major struck a match and lighted his cigarette.

"If you were a prehistoric inhabitant of this—er—forsaken garrison station like I am, you wouldn't need any explanation," he then remarked; "my meaning would be as clear as daylight."

"No doubt; but you see my childish innocence——"

"I was just pointing out to you an instance of the perversity and general cussedness of human nature," the Major interrupted mildly. "Geoffrey Menteith is a fine fellow, and I am proud to be in the same regiment with him, but——"

"What! a 'but' where Menteith is concerned!" broke in the listener, who knew the Major's weakness. "You don't mean it!"

"There are 'buts' in most things, even the best," remarked the Major grimly, "and Menteith is not an exception. He is the best officer we have. He can read a man's soul backwards, and knows every virtue and every sin of every man in his company. But—and here comes the cussedness to which I alluded—he can't see further than his own nose where a woman is concerned. It is just as though he put on a pair of blinkers, and wouldn't look at anything but just what people choose to lay straight before him."

His companion shook his head.

"I confess I still don't grasp what you are aiming at," he said.

"Menteith is in love with that girl—or thinks he is," the Major explained, with a nod towards a man who was walking towards the club tennis-court at the side of a slight, daintily-dressed, feminine figure. "If he hasn't proposed already, he is going to."

"Well, what then? He might do worse. Hattie Saunders seems a very decent sort."

"Seems! seems!" said the Major, and leant over and tapped the other confidentially on the knee. "As I said before, you haven't been on an Indian station long enough to know the difference between seeming and being. In this place one gets to know one's next-door neighbour very well—perhaps a little too well—and I, as an old married man whom the women don't bother much about, have more opportunities than you younger people of sorting the real from the make-believe. And Hattie Saunders is a make-believe."

The other shrugged his shoulders.

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"I'm not intimate enough to have an opinion," he said. "What have you got against the girl?"

"Nothing definite, but lots of little things which make me fear she'll mess up Menteith's life—if he gives her a chance—and no doubt he will. She is pretty, and I verily believe, in his good-natured innocence, he thinks her face is an index to herself. As she has fooled half-a-dozen men already, and given them the cold shoulder on seeing their banking accounts, I haven't much hope."

"If you are so worried about your *protégé* why don't you give him a hint?" inquired the Judge with some sarcasm.

"And get hated for my pains? Thank you," retorted the Major. "No, no! Every man has to look after this sort of affair himself. The task of poking one's finger in somebody else's pie doesn't appeal to me. My own is quite hot enough and big enough to absorb all my attention"—and he chuckled.

For a few minutes the two men remained silent. The Major puffed at his cigarette and watched the smoke thoughtfully as it curled up into the clear air.

"And to think," he began suddenly, more to himself than to his companion—"to think that at arm's length, so to speak, is a woman who is worth twenty of that Saunders girl. A fine woman, a regular straight, decent sort, who would put the crowning touch to Menteith's life. And he doesn't seem to know it any more than he knows what is going on a hundred miles off."

"There aren't many women here who answer to that laudatory description. I suppose you mean Helen Lawson?"

The Major nodded.

"They have known each other for years," he said, "and the worst of it all is, I believe she cares."

For the first time the Judge showed signs of genuine interest.

"Helen Lawson!" he said. "I don't believe she looks at him or any other man twice in a day!"

The Major rose and threw his cigarette end over the veranda railings.

"As though that were any proof!" he retorted. "Bah! You young men!"—and he went off with a good-natured grunt of contempt.

Meanwhile, the two people who had caused so much comment had wandered past the tennis-court into the shade of the tall trees. Neither seemed to heed in which direction they were going, and, judging from the rather overcast face of the man, their subject of conversation was none of the lightest.

"I cannot understand your objection," he was saying slowly; "it seems to me a rather undignified, stupid *rôle* you are forcing us to play. What pleasure you find in it I cannot imagine."

Hattie Saunders made no immediate answer, except to shrug her shoulders. It was obvious that her interest in his remarks was not very deep.

Menteith went on with quiet insistence.

"We have been engaged three weeks," he said, "and nobody knows the fact except ourselves. You wished it to be so, and I yielded, but you must see that it cannot go on for ever."

She raised her eyebrows.

"Why not?"

He laughed somewhat constrainedly.

"Well, one day it has to come to an end, hasn't it?" he said; "or do you want to keep our marriage a secret, too?"

"Don't be silly!" she retorted petulantly. "I've told you already why I wished no one to know of our engagement, and I think you ought to be satisfied."

"I don't remember that you ever gave me a reason that looked like one," he said grimly; "but at any rate I can't believe that it was very substantial. Do you think your people will make objections?"

"Oh, no!" she said thoughtfully; "I don't think so. You are rich, Geof., and have a good chance of getting on—oh, no, they won't object."

There was something very business-like in her estimation of his qualities, and a slight frown crossed Menteith's clear forehead.

"Then why need this farce be kept up?" he demanded.

"You are a worry, Geof.!" she answered; "and I think you are very selfish besides. You know the minute people hear I am engaged I shan't have any—any more fun. They'll do just what they do with all engaged girls up here—leave them to themselves, as though they were somebody else's property, and oughtn't to be looked at or spoken to."

"You mean, in other words, that your present ardent admirers would cool off," he said bitterly, "and the little flirtations would have to be given up. Well, I suppose you reckoned with these disadvantages when you accepted me."

There was something in his voice that must have warned her, for, with a quick glance round to see that no one was looking, she put her hand caressingly on his arm.

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"There, Geof., don't be in rage. If you are jealous I can't help it. It's your own faulty character, you know."

"It's not jealousy," he said, ignoring her laughter. "It's regard for my dignity—and yours. I hate deceptions at all times, and especially now."

They had reached the back of the club-house, and instinctively they both halted.

"There is Miss Lawson on the balcony; shall I ask her to congratulate us?" he said abruptly. She gave a glance at his square chin and determined eyes.

"Oh, if you must!" she said with suppressed anger. Without another word Menteith went up the stone steps. The frown had vanished from his face, and Helen Lawson, glancing up as he approached, smiled at the happiness written on every feature.

"As one of my best friends I want you to congratulate me first," he began with almost boyish impetuosity. She rose and stretched out her hand.

"You don't need to break the news," she said with a quiet smile. "Even a dull person like myself could tell where the wind was blowing. I do congratulate you with all my heart." She turned to Hattie, who at that moment had reached the balcony, and kissed her.

"All good luck!" she said gaily. "I'm sure you both deserve it."

The girl blushed. In spite of her annoyance, she found a certain satisfaction in the new situation. Until now she had been uncomfortable and awkward before Helen Lawson. To-day she felt herself already a superior being.

"Thank you," she said with feigned carelessness.

Menteith stood a little on one side. Helen Lawson's quiet and yet cheerful voice soothed him, and he looked at her with more interest than he had ever before vouchsafed her. No, she was not pretty, that was certain; but there was a dignity and strength about her which pleased him. Without knowing it, he passed the same criticism over her as the Major had done—"A fine woman, a regular decent sort."

"I hope they will be good friends," he thought; and then an uncomfortable feeling shot through him—a feeling of doubt which he could not explain, and which he smothered before it had time to take a definite form. He hated doubts; they were not usual to him. But to-day he had been shaken out of his calm certainty. He did not and could not understand Hattie's moral code. To his straight mind it seemed a curiously twisted and distorted thing.

"I know so little of women," he thought, and then, with a glance at Hattie's flushed and eager face—"How pretty she is! how lovely and graceful! She'll steady down, and then it will be all right. I'm a lucky fellow!"

II.

"Captain Menteith, I believe you have a touch of the fever," Helen said, glancing up from her duties at the tea-table. "For the last week you have looked like a ghost."

"Rather a substantial ghost!" he answered, dropping down into a wicker chair, "and one that would have no objection to a cup of tea if it could get one."

He spoke gaily, but there was no gaiety in his eyes. Helen's words were not without their truth. The most casual observer must have noticed the change that had taken place in him. The youthful fire and energy had disappeared. He looked older, harassed, and worn out.

"Sugar?" she asked, balancing a lump over his cup.

He started.

"Sugar? Oh, yes—no—really, I believe I was half asleep!" he apologised. "No, now I come to think of it, I don't."

She laughed.

"What great affair of state have you on your mind?" she inquired.

He shook his head, and contented himself with watching her as she quietly arranged the afternoon meal to her satisfaction. Then gradually the lines between his brows smoothed themselves away and he smiled.

"Have you some wonderful personal magnetism?" he asked at length. "You have a way of quieting a fellow's nerves which is quite inimitable. I feel better already."

"To feel better one must have felt ill," she said. "You see, I was not so far wrong after all."

"Perhaps I am a little run down," he admitted. "It's the heat."

She looked at him.

"And in a month you are to be married," she said. "You ought to take more care of yourself. Can't you get a day or two's leave?"

"Leave wouldn't cure me," he said, with a return of his old listlessness. "My case is mental, not physical."

"A minute ago you said it was the heat," she said with a half smile. "How do you make the two assertions agree?"

He smiled also, but rather cynically.

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"I dare say you could have come if you had wanted to," she retorted. "I am showing Mr. Ravensworth round the club."

"The first assertion was a safe conventional untruth," he said. "The second escaped me in spite of myself."

Before she had time to answer, the sound of gay voices broke on their ears, and a moment later Hattie appeared beneath the veranda in the company of a young, newly-joined sub. Glancing up, she saw Menteith, and nodded carelessly.

"Oh, there you are!" she said. "I wondered what you were doing."

"I have been waiting about here an hour—by appointment," he returned quietly.

She raised her eyebrows.

"How stupid!" she said. "I forgot all about it. By the way"— as a counter attack—"why didn't you fetch me at eleven as you promised?"

"I had unexpected duty," Menteith replied in the same level tone. "I sent my man round to tell you."

"I dare say you could have come if you had wanted to," she retorted. "I am showing Mr. Ravensworth round the club. *Au revoir!*"

The next instant she and her companion had wandered off.

Menteith remained as she had left him, his elbows resting on the veranda rail, his dark eyes fixed straight before him over the wide compound. A long silence fell between him and Helen. It was as though something had happened which altered their attitude towards each other—something, too, which seemed to make the whole atmosphere around them heavy and oppressive. Slowly Menteith turned and drew himself upright.

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"As I have got so far as to tell you that my malady is a mental one," he said, "I might as well tell you what it consists of—if you are patient enough."

"If I can help," she put in quietly.

He seated himself opposite her, and shaded his eyes with one hand.

"I don't know whether you can help," he said, "but you are a woman of the world, and have experience of men and—and other women. You see, I'm worried—about a friend," he hesitated—"the oldest friend I have got," he went on; "not a bad fellow, but a bit of a fool in some things—and he's in trouble."

"And he wants your advice?" she asked slowly.

He nodded.

"Yes, he wants it badly. And I have none to give him. That's the worst of it. I can't see what is the right thing to do—and it worries me."

He stopped again, but she said nothing. Her white hands were clasped closely together, and her face expressed grave interest.

"It's not a very complicated case," he went on. "I suppose it happens every day, but when it comes to one's best friend it's a more serious matter. Given a man who has lived all his life without women-folk and a lively, beautiful girl, and I suppose the result will always be about the same. They fall in love with each other's exterior virtues. He with her youth and charm, she perhaps with—his position."

"Have you the right to tell me all this?" she interrupted, looking at him steadily.

A sudden light flashed into his eyes.

"Yes," he said, "I have the right, and I know I can trust you. In all this miserable, gossiping place you are the only one to whom a fellow can turn for help."

She put up her hand.

"Tell me," she said.

"My friend got engaged," he continued with an effort. "In two months' time he knew it was a mistake—a wretched mistake. He saw through the prettiness he had fallen in love with, and found the real personality of the girl to whom he was bound. And she was nothing to him—less than nothing. What should he do?"

"Does she care for him?" came the question slowly and hesitatingly.

"Perhaps. I hardly know."

"And she has done nothing wrong?"

"No, no, she is only a child—silly, shallow-hearted, a plaything; not a woman for a man who has one serious thought in life."

Helen rose to her feet. Her features were set into lines that were almost hard; but her eyes were strangely gentle as she looked at him.

"Your friend has no need of advice," she said gravely. "He has only one course to follow."

He looked at her.

"He must go straight on," she said. "A man's love often comes to a woman suddenly, unexpectedly; she may accept it without due thought, perhaps out of friendship or pity. She has the right to mend the error of a moment. But a man knows what he is doing. He has time to weigh himself and her. If he thrusts himself into a woman's life and finds too late that it was a mistake—that is his doing. Your friend has made a mistake. Unless she of her own free will gives him back his liberty he must pay the cost of his own folly. It is a case of honour. If he is a good man he will not make a mess of her life. If he is not a good man he is not—your friend."

His hands clenched themselves.

"Perhaps, after all, everything will come right," she said steadily. "If his heart is free he may one day grow to love her—really love her."

He had risen and stood within a foot of her, and their eyes met.

"And what if his heart were not free?" he demanded huskily. "What if he found that to everything else he——"

"He would still go straight on," she said. "That is the only decent thing to do."

They stood quietly by each other. No one seeing them would have thought that anything more than the usual everyday topics had formed the subject of their conversation.

With an effort Menteith drew himself up.

"Yes, you are right," he said, "quite right. I'm glad I asked you. 'The decent thing'—when one has done that nothing else matters, does it?"

He spoke jerkily, as though every word were forced through his lips. Then he held out his hand and she took it.

"Thank you," he said, and went quickly down the veranda steps.

She watched him till he was out of sight. One tear rolled down her white cheek, but that was all, and the face she turned to the home-coming tennis players was full of a great calm.

She had had the game in her hands, and she had played honestly.

As he had said, nothing else mattered.

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III.

"It's rubbish, Menteith," the Major said angrily. "It's worse than rubbish, it's Quixoticism in its most virulent form, and I won't have it."

Through the open windows came the crack of rifles and the far-off shouting of men's voices. Menteith's lips set into a straight line.

"Let me go, Major," he said. "I am responsible for it all. Let me bear my responsibility."

"What do you mean?" came the irritable retort. "Is it your fault that nearly the whole of the regiment has been ordered to the next station, or that the Colonel is down with fever——"

"No, but Miss Saunders, I should have prevented her——"

"Bah! Can any reasonable man hold himself responsible for an unreasonable woman? What induced Miss Saunders to find her way into the sacred temple, and what madness led her to insult the priest, only Heaven knows. At any rate she has brought the whole devil's hoard about our ears." He paused, and drummed with his fingers on the table. "All women—even the best—want a strong guiding hand," he said half apologetically.

Menteith remained silent for a moment. Even his rigid conscience told him he had done his best. True, he did not love Hattie Saunders, he knew now that he never had loved her, but he had never deserted her. There was not a day on which he had not striven to rouse her to something better and nobler, not a day on which he had not held out a hand to hold her back from actions alike foolish and heartless.

He had failed, and the knowledge of his failure crippled every energy. And this was the end of it all. As a final act of folly she had thrust her reckless hand into the smouldering embers of native hatred, and had stirred them into flame. And the death that was creeping nearer to them all was her doing, the doing of the woman so soon to be his wife. He drew himself up, and a new sternness came into his voice.

"Let me go, Major," he repeated. "You know that without a relieving force we cannot hold out three days. Someone must go for help—it is our one hope. And—it is my duty."

"And to-morrow—and your marriage?"

"Miss Saunders will feel as I do," returned Menteith stiffly. "She will be prepared to make any sacrifice to obviate the danger she—we have brought upon the station."

"'We,' indeed!" muttered the Major. "Ah, well, Menteith, do as you think best. I wash my hands of the matter. Go if you must, and—and good luck to you!"

That was all the old English warrior could bring out of a heart warm with friendship and sympathy. His voice was rougher and more domineering. That was the only sign. The two men shook hands, and then Menteith turned quickly and left the room.

"That woman will ruin him," was the Major's bitter soliloquy, "and she will never give him up. She knows the barter is a good one. And he? No, he won't take the first step. He's not the man to funk his harvest. Perhaps after all it would be better for him if——" The Major sighed and left the thought unfinished.

The club house, being in the centre of the station, had been turned into a temporary refuge for all the European women and children. Menteith went as though guided by instinct to the reading-room. It was empty save for Hattie Saunders, who sat at a table languidly turning over some old papers. She had sat there nearly all the afternoon, bored, but on the whole satisfied. To-morrow she would be Geoffrey Menteith's wife, and the old life of scraping and saving would be gone. The engagement had been fairly hard work and had needed rather more self-restraint than she generally used; still, she was clever enough to know that there were parts of her character which were better hidden, and accordingly she had hidden them—for the time being.

"What a blessing when to-morrow is over!" she thought. "Then I shall have a free hand. I'm sick of this Sunday-go-to-meeting life. Though it was worth while—quite worth while."

A little smile played about her lips, and she was so deep in her thoughts that she did not hear Menteith's entrance.

"Hattie!" he said.

She started a little and glanced up.

"Oh!" she said, "I am thankful at last to have someone to talk to. All the women are as dismal as funerals, and they come moaning round me as though I needed sympathy. What do you think that Helen Lawson had the impertinence to say to me? She told me she was so sorry for me because she knew I had not meant to do anything that would bring danger. Of course I knew, and I enjoyed myself immensely."

Menteith set his teeth.

"Are those creatures in chains yet?" she went on.

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She wrenched the diamond engagement ring from her finger and flung it on the table.

"If you mean the native rebels, no," he answered.

Hattie sighed.

"How disgusting! I suppose we shall have to remain bottled up here, and I'm so sick of it. No men to talk to, and the women as surly as—as——"

"I'm afraid you'll have to put up with that," he broke in impatiently. "I've come to say good-bye."

The words were abrupt, but face to face as he was with death he could not play the hypocrite.

"Good-bye!" she repeated. "Where are you going?"

"I am going to fetch relief."

For the first time a flash of pleasure shot over her face and she clapped her hands.

"Oh, that's nice!" she exclaimed. "Then we shall be able to go about again. How far have you to go? You'll be back all right for to-morrow?"

"I don't know, Hattie," he answered.

She turned round on him sharply.

"What nonsense are you talking? Of course you must be back. Do you think I shall wait any longer? What do you mean? Is there any danger?"

"A good deal."

"You might get killed?"

"It is not improbable."

She sprang to her feet. Every drop of colour had run from her cheek and lips. For one instant the thought flashed through him—a terrible thought—she cared after all—and he—cared nothing!

"And you are going to risk your life," she burst out, "the day before our wedding?"

Had she said, "the day afterwards it wouldn't matter," her meaning would hardly have been clearer. A bitter line crept round Menteith's mouth. With her own hands she had wrenched the last veil of faith from his eyes. Hattie Saunders, the child of a petty civil official, on the eve of at last reaching the goal of her ambitions—position and wealth—now stood face to face with an overpowering enemy. She trembled from head to foot, and he could see her little white teeth meet behind her lips.

"Who ordered you to go?" she said almost inaudibly.

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"Nobody ordered me," he replied. "I volunteered."

"What nonsense!" she broke out. "I won't have it. You have a duty towards me——"

"Be silent!" he interrupted sternly. "If it were only because you are to be my wife I would have to go."

She did not ask why. She knew even in her rage that in that question there lay danger.

"Tell the Major it is impossible," she cried. "You must! Go at once. Someone else can take your place—pretend you are ill——"

A red flush mounted his cheeks and a flash came to his eyes which should have warned her. She did not know it, but her will had struck at last against an indestructible rock—his sense of duty.

"What you ask is madness," he said. "Do you care nothing for my honour?"

"No, I don't care. You shall not go."

"I will and must."

She caught him by both arms and shook them in her impotent fury.

"You mean to go—and get killed?" she half shrieked at him.

"Perhaps. I must take my chance."

"Are you determined—are you going?" she demanded.

"Yes."

Swift as thought she wrenched the diamond engagement ring from her finger and flung it on the table.

"If you go you take that with you!" she cried at him. "Make your choice!"

It was her trump card, and she smiled already with satisfied triumph.

Then the smile faded from her lips, for he was looking at her gravely and sternly.

"You mean that?" he said. "You know what you are doing?"

"Yes!" she stammered.

"That is no choice—except for a coward and a cur!" he said, and bowed and left her.

His attempt to bring relief to the besieged station could not be begun before nightfall. Until then he had much to do; there were papers to be put in order and a letter or two to write. He was preparing to leave the club-house when a hand was laid on his arm. He started round and found Helen at his side. She was flushed, and an anxious line ran across her forehead.

"I have just seen Hattie," she said. "She seems upset. What is the matter?"

"I am going to fetch a relief force," he said quietly. "She took it badly."

He put his hand to his helmet, and the diamond ring which he had slipped on almost unconsciously sparkled in the sunlight. She saw it and started.

"I may not come back," he went on, looking away from her, "and I thought it might interest you—my friend is free."

That was all he said for a moment, then he went on gravely;

"I told him what you had said—and he was grateful. He was tempted, but he did the right thing."

"I am glad," she said, and her voice trembled.

"And now he is free."

The orderly had brought round his horse.

"In twenty-four hours the relief force will be on its way," he said, and his mouth tightened. For one instant his eyes rested on the woman beside him.

"Good-bye," he said gently.

They looked each other bravely in the face.

"My friend is in danger," he said, "but if he comes back—perhaps—one day—all will be well."

She put her hand in his outstretched one.

"God bless you," he said simply, and left her.

* * * * *

Menteith did not return with the relief force. The rebellion spread and the country had need of brave men.

The months passed, and then he came to her, no longer as one of many, but as a man who had risen high above his fellows through heroism and self-sacrifice. But for her he had not changed. They said little as they stood together on the deserted, shot-riddled veranda. It was as though they had no need for words.

"It has been a long time," she said at last, "but I have waited patiently."

He took her hands in his and drew her to him.

"I knew you would," he answered. "Through all the dangers and trials I held that before my eyes, that you were waiting for me and that the past with all its mistakes and follies was to be blotted out. I had faith and, do you know——" he smiled as he looked down into her eyes—"there was a time when I had no faith. I thought all women were shallow and their love false."

"And now——" she said, smiling back. "Are you so sure of me?"

"Yes," he said gravely. "The day you bade me give you up and keep my honour—that day I knew you were a good woman—and that you loved me!"

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MR. —HIS PAGES.

I'm Mr. X, the Specialist
For 'Hump' in all its stages;
The only thing my patients have
To do 's to read my pages—

So, start at the beginning,
And half-way through you'll find
All your little worries
Left a mile behind.

All your little worries
Left behind a mile—
Read on to the finish,
And you'll finish with a smile.

Puzzle Penknives or Packs of Royal Playing Cards will be given as prizes to readers who forward *new* puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X" and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of The Royal Magazine), 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

A Cryptogram.

Here is a cryptic sentence, the meaning of which is expressed enigmatically. What *is* the meaning?:

FAULTS MAN QUARRELS WIFE FAULTS.

Q. Why is cake far more well-behaved than wine?

A. Because a cake is only sometimes "tipsy," whereas wine is invariably "drunk."

A Rude One.

Charles: "Has it ever struck you, James, my boy, why you are like a brown bear that has climbed a tree but is not quite at the summit?"

James: "Can't say it has. What's the resemblance?"

Charles: "Why, you're both 'a little bit off the top.'"

Q. What is the difference between a letter passing through the post and a lady passing down a street?

A. One is addressed in an envelope, the other is enveloped in a dress.

A Population Problem.

In a certain parish in Ireland there is a population of 1200. Of these the Irishmen are half as numerous again as the rest of the population which consists of Scotchmen and Englishmen, the former being half as numerous as the latter. How many Englishmen are there?

An Arithmetic Test.

"The thing I have just done struck me as being rather curious in some way," said Baker. "I had a sovereign with which to pay four workmen. The sum I gave each was an aliquot part of a pound and I had a shilling over."

What are the four aliquot parts of a sovereign that will leave a shilling change?

WHATEVER IS IT?

I'm a letter, yet I'm three,
And a word you'll find in me;
And when used, be it not denied,
A question often is implied.

A Trial of Patience.

A certain school of fifteen girls goes every day for a walk. They walk three abreast in five rows. Now, how can they walk on each of the seven days of the week so that no girl is ever twice in the same row with any other girl?

Had Again.

Sharp: "You've lost a knife, haven't you?"
Smart: "Yes. Have you found one?"
Sharp: "Wait a bit. What was it like?"
Smart: "Oh, white handle——"
Sharp: "Two blades?"
Smart: "Yes."
Sharp: "Not quite new?"
Smart: "That's it."
Sharp: "Well, I hope you find it, old chap. I've not seen it."

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Badly Wronged.

Witti: "By the way, old chap, I've heard you're smart at spelling, but I'll bet you ten bob that you won't spell three English words correctly first time in twenty seconds."

Noalott: "Done; start away!"

Witti: "Receive."

Noalott: "R-e-c-e-i-v-e."

Witti: "Reprieve."

Noalott: "R-e-p-r-i-e-v-e."

Witti (decisively): "Wrong!"

Noalott (indignantly): "No it's not, 'receive' is 'ei,' and 'reprieve' is 'ie,' that's where you thought to catch me!"

Witti (looking at his watch): "Time's up! 'Wrong' was the third word, and you didn't spell it. Pay now?"

Q.: **How can you prove that Eve was not the first woman.**

A.: **Because Adam was certainly the first maid (made).**

Stumped.

Brown: "I say, Jones, you fancy yourself at arithmetic, don't you?"

Jones: "Oh, I'm not so dusty at it."

Brown: "Well, try your brain at this mental calculation. At 11.35 a.m. a train left a certain station with 156 passengers on board. At the first stopping place 25 entered and 13 got out; at the second 56 alighted and 22 entered; at the third 8 alighted, 19 got in; at the fourth 27 got out and were replaced by 36. Now then?"

Jones (struggling to keep pace): "Well?"

Brown: "Well, the question is, what was the colour of the engine driver's hair?"

[Exit hastily.]

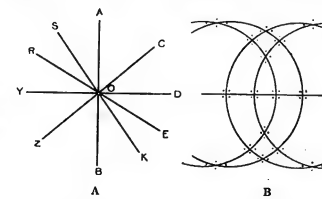
A Rowland for His Oliver.

A gentleman travelling was endeavouring to impress an argument upon a fellow passenger who was rather dull of comprehension. At length, being irritated, he exclaimed: "Why, sir, it's as plain as A B C."

"That may be," replied the other, "but I am D E F."

An Angular Proposition,

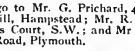
In this competition "Mr. X" offered three packs of Royal playing cards for the three readers who sent him a diagram showing the greatest number of angles that could be made by crossing one line with four others. Solutions poured in, and "Mr. X" is simply dizzy with counting angles. Nearly everybody made 40 angles by all sorts of weird-looking diagrams. The simplest and the neatest solution is made by crossing the lines in the shape of a star as shown in the accompanying diagram (A). And to the first three who sent this solution "Mr. X" sends a pack of cards. Some competitors made more than 40 angles. The second diagram (B), made with



circles, shows, for example, 64. But "Mr. X" decided that curved lines could not be admitted.

The angles are as follows: AOC; AOD; AOE; AOK; AOZ; AOY; AOR; AOS; COD; COE; COK; COB; COY; COR: COS; DOE; DOK; DOB; DOZ; DOR; DOS; EOK; EOB; EOZ; EOY; EOS; KOB; KOZ; KOY; KOR; BOZ; BOY; BOR; BOS; ZOY; ZOR; ZOS; YOR; YOS; ROS.

The cards go to Mr. G. Prichard, 40 Antrim Mansions, Haverstock Hill, Hampstead; Mr. R. Geard, 44 Philbeach Gardens, Earl's Court, S.W.; and Mr G. Eades, 3 Kirkby Place, North Road, Plymouth.



An Easy One.

If a man wished to have a sovereign changed into shillings and sixpences, and wanted one more sixpence than shillings, how many of each coin will he receive?

ANSWERS.

A Cryptogram: Quarrels between man and wife, faults on both sides.

A Population Problem: 320 English, 160 Scotch, 720 Irish.

An Arithmetic Test: 6s. 8d., 5s., 4s., 3s. 4d.

Whatever is it?: The word "why"; it is a single letter when it is written "Y."

A Trial of Patience:

First Day.	Second Day.	Third Day	Fourth Day	Fifth Day.	Sixth Day.	Seventh Day.
1 2 3	1 4 13	1 5 9	1 7 11	1 8 12	1 6 10	1 11 14
4 5 6	2 5 14	2 4 12	2 8 13	2 6 7	2 9 11	2 10 15
7 8 9	3 7 10	7 11 13	3 5 11	4 11 15	4 7 14	3 4 12
10 11 12	6 8 11	3 6 15	4 9 10	3 9 14	5 8 15	5 7 13
13 14 15	9 12 15	8 10 14	6 12 14	5 10 13	3 12 13	6 9 13

An Easy One: 13 shillings and 14 sixpences.

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NOT QUITE WHAT HE MEANT.

FUDDLE: "You know Stocks, don't you?"

DOCTOR: "Yes, indeed. He's now a patient of mine."

FUDDLE: "Pretty wide-awake man, isn't he?"

DOCTOR: "I should say so. I'm treating him for insomnia."

* * * * *

SOUND ADVICE.

"I am fearful that we are going to have a long and very cold winter," suggested a middle-aged man to the stranger who sat beside him in a railway carriage. No response came from the stranger, who wore a tired look on his face, and did not appear to be sociable.

"I say, I am afraid we shall have a long and very cold winter," repeated the sociable passenger.

"Well, if that is worrying you," said the other man, arousing himself out of his reverie with a nervous jerk, "just go and give somebody a promissory note for four months for an amount larger than you can ever hope to pay. Then you'll find that this winter will pass away so quick that you won't have a chance to get cold."

* * *

GOT HIM THERE!

"Got anything you want sharpened, gents?" inquired the aged pedlar with the razor paste.

"Yes," replied the smart youth at the desk near the door. "You can sharpen our wits if you want to, old man."

"Got to have something to work on, gents," the old man said as he looked round the room, shook his head pityingly, and walked away.

DEAR LITTLE FELLOW.

"Tommy," said Mrs. Glim, "you should not let off your fireworks in the house."

"But I want you to enjoy them, too, mamma," replied the thoughtful boy.

* * * * *

CLEVER CHAP.

There is a hairdresser in a suburban district who has hit on a new idea. He tells his customers such horrible stories that it makes their hair stand on end. It is so much easier for him to cut it then, he says.

* * * * *

SO UNREASONABLE.

"Oh, yes," said a grumbling beggar, "folks always helps them as don't need any help. Why, there's lightnin'; it can get down to the ground fast enough all by itself, an' yet folks is all the time a puttin' up rods for it to slide down on."

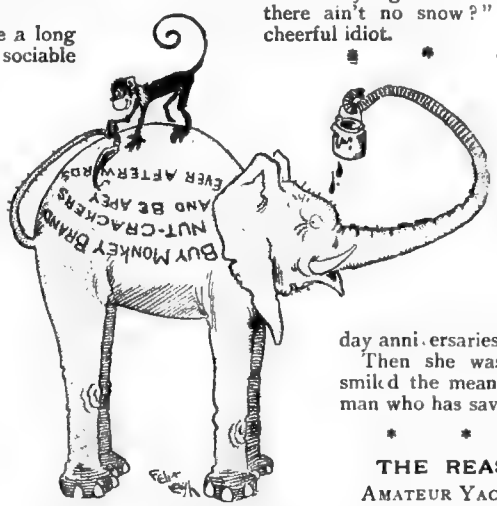
* * * * *

IDIOT.

Someone was saying before Jones that the best method of restoring those who had been frozen was to roll them in the snow.

"That may do well enough in winter-time, but what are yer goin' to do in summer, when there ain't no snow?" commented that cheerful idiot.

* * * *



SHARP PRACTICE.

"When I lent you my advertising spaces, Mr. Monk, I didn't contract to supply you with a paint brush!"

GUILE.

"Henry," she said disconsolately, "you didn't give me a birthday gift,"

"By Jove, that's so," said Henry. "But, you see, I can't realise that you ever have birthday anniversaries."

Then she was happy, and he smiled the mean, subtle smile of a man who has saved money.

* * * *

THE REASON WHY.

AMATEUR YACHTSMAN: "How does it happen that you have always lived near the water, yet do not know how to swim?"

FISHERMAN'S BOY: "Don't have to swim. I know how to sail."

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Don't when playing Postman's Knock at your party call out the tallest girl in the room, or this sort of thing will happen.

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HARD LINES.

HUSBAND: "Here, they have brought me an account for a ball costume; how is that?"

WIFE: "Oh, don't you remember? It is for the green dress I wore last year at the ball where we first met."

HUSBAND: "So-o-o-o, and now I am expected to pay for the net with which I was caught."

THE ELEPHANT CATCHER'S SAD STORY.

THAT WAS ALL.

'Henry," she whispered, as though fearful of the worst, "do you love me less than a fortnight ago, when you brought me some flowers or sweets every night?"

"No, Evelina, no," he answered; "but pay-day is yet a week off, and I generally get broke about the middle of the month."

HE DID IT OUT OF SYMPATHY.

INDIGNANT SUBSCRIBER: "I say, look here, you know, what do you mean by announcing the birth of my tenth child under the heading of 'Distressing Occurrence'?"

COUNTRY EDITOR: "Dear, dear, I hadn't noticed it; that must be the foreman's doing. He's a married man himself."

* * *

A DISTRESSING CONFESSION.

AGATHA: "Charley is tickled with his new moustache, isn't he?"

MARIE: "Yes, but" (with a shy blush) "not half so much as I am."

* * * *

SHE REMONSTRATED.

"Mrs. Small," said the lodger to his landlady; "I thought you didn't allow smoking in the parlour?"

"I don't," replied Mrs. Small with energy. "Who's doing it, I'd like to know?"

"Well, if you have time you might step in and remonstrate with the lamp."

* * *

TRAGEDY.

Barber: shave—
Man sneeze;
Man dead—
"Next, please."

* * * *

POINTS OF VIEW.

GUBBINS: "What horrible weather! It rains all the time!"

TUBBINS: "Not at all; I call it splendid. I sell umbrellas!"

GUBBINS: "And I sell sunshades!"

* * * *

HE WAS RIGHT.

EXAMINER IN PHYSICS: "What happens when a light falls into the water at an angle of forty-five degrees?"

STUDENT: "It goes out!"

* * * *

SOONER THE BETTER.

STIGGINS (to his friend, whom he has given a very poor dinner): "And when will you give me the pleasure of dining with me again?"

HUNGRY GUEST: "Immediately."

* * * *

CANDOUR.—HE LIKED IT.

"Ah," said the editor, as the young author came in, "that last thing was good. We were very pleased with it."

"Well, in that case," said the author, "I will take back what I said in my letter about not liking the way you treated me, saying I should send you no more work."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the editor, with heartless cruelty. "That letter is what I referred to."

* * * *

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

FOREMAN (quarry gang): "It's sad news Oi hev fur yez, Mrs. McGaharraghty. Yer husband's new watch is broken. It was a foin' watch, an' it's smashed all to paces."

MRS. MCG.: "Dearie me. How did that happen?"

FOREMAN: "A ten-ton rock fell on 'im."

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WILLING TO TRADE.

A little boy entered a surgery the other day. On his seeing the doctor he whispered quietly in his ear:

"Please, sir, mother wants to know is measles catching?"

"Tell your mother of course they are," replied the doctor.

The boy not being satisfied with this, exclaimed:

"Please, sir, mother wants to know what you will give her to spread them about the village? My sister's got 'em awful."

* * * *

A CAREFUL MAN.

EMPLOYER (to porter): "Michael, Mr. Ledger, the book-keeper, complains of feeling ill. As this is the cricket season, you may see him home, and bring a receipt for him signed by his wife."

* * * *

AN ERROR.

JUDGE: "Had you not acted with promptness the four burglars would have escaped. This shows the importance of taking time by the fore-lock."

DETECTIVE: "You have made a slight mistake. The burglars were attempting to break into the time-lock safe, and we took the four by the time-lock, and not by the fore-lock, your lordship."

* * * *

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

"So you wrote her a poem?"

"Yes," replied the young man sadly.

"What did she say?"

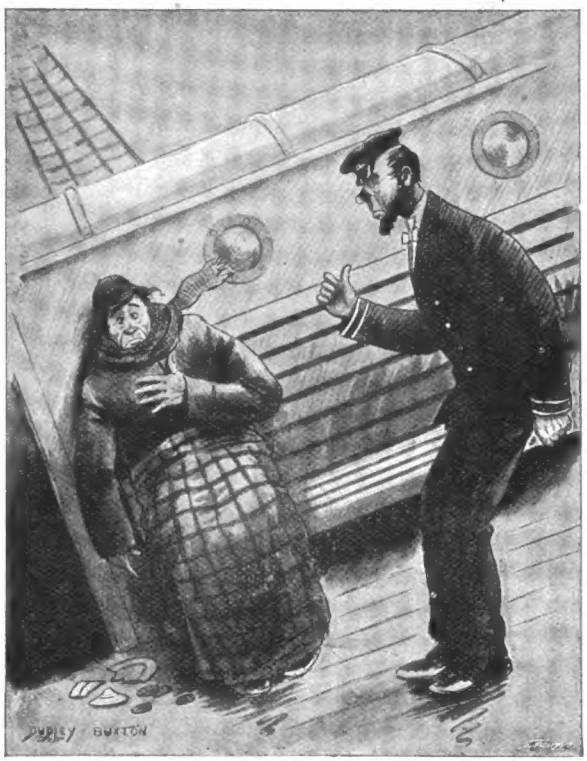
"She said she admired my letter; but she didn't quite understand why every line began with a capital letter."

* * * * *

Johnny: "Papa, what does it mean to be apprenticed?"

Papa: "It means binding one person to another by agreement. The one person has to teach the other all he can of his trade or profession, whilst the other has to watch and learn how things are done, and to make himself useful in every way possible."

Johnny: "Then I suppose you're apprenticed to Ma, ain't you, Dad?"



Steward (in astonishment): "What, ain't you goin' down, sir? Why, there's roast pork and Christmas pudden for dinner!"

A VASTER AMBITION.

PROUD FATHER: "Always be a good boy and mind your teacher, and some day you may be Prime Minister."

JOHNNY: "I don't want to be Prime Minister."

PROUD FATHER: "What do you want to be?"

JOHNNY: "I want to be a mounted policeman."

* * * * *

SWEET WOMAN.

ADELINE: "What would ou do if you were in my shoes?"

MADGE (after a glance at them): "Get a pair about four sizes smaller."

* * * * *

INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

PATIENT: "I've taken all the medicine you sent except this one bottle, and I don't seem to feel any better."

BUSH DOCTOR: "Yours must be an aggravated case. Farmer Acorn's cow wuz took down at the same time as you wuz, and I give her just the same medicine exactly, an' it cured her."

* * * * *

A LIAR CONFESSED.

MRS. WALTON: "Why don't you bring home some trout occasionally, instead of these common perch and jack?"

WALTON (amateur fisherman): "That's just like you, Mrs. Extravagance. Perhaps you don't know that trout are worth two shillings a pound."

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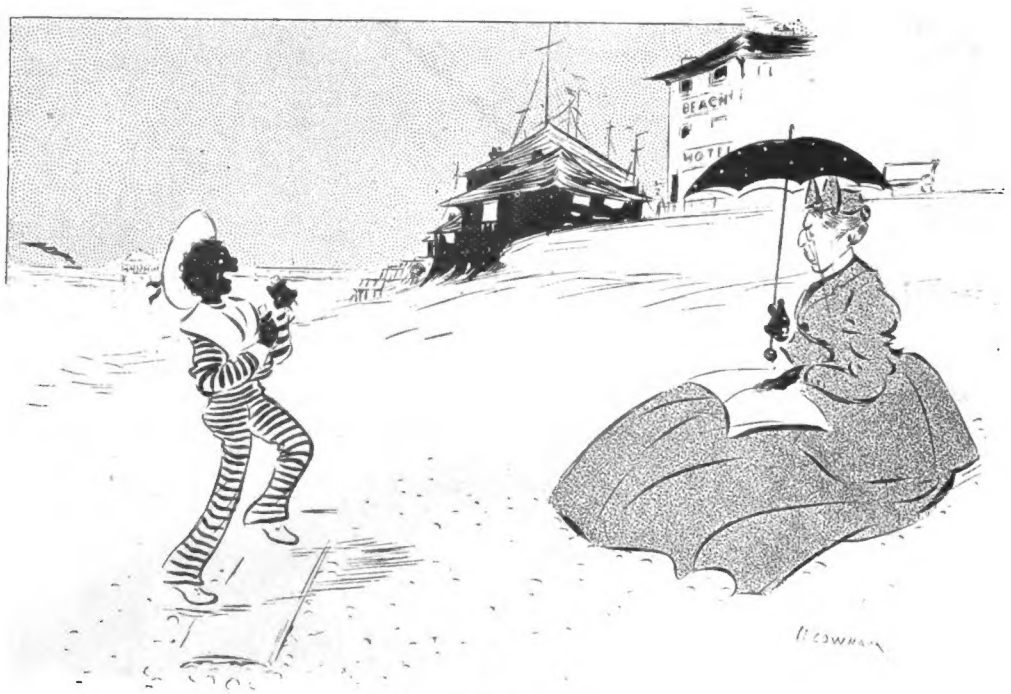

AT THE SEASIDE.

Nigger Minstrel (singing): "You are my honey-honeysuckle, I am the bee!"

CLEVER BOY.

"Papa, there isn't any plumber in Heaven," said a six-year-old youngster one rainy day.

"Why not, my son?"

"Because the sky leaks so much."

* * * * *

SMART.

BOOK AGENT (entering): "Madam, I have a work of art to show you. It is a book."

LADY OF THE HOUSE (reopening the door). "And I have a work of art to show you. It is a landscape."

* * * * *

THE REASON WHY.

Few statues are put up of women great,
And this the reason is (pray do not smile):
In two short years the bronze would aggravate
Her relatives and friends compassionate,
Because the costume would be out of style.

* * * * *

A POOR LOOK-OUT.

FIRST TRAMP: "There ain't goin' to be good livin' for our profession in the future, I'm afraid."

SECOND TRAMP: "Blow me, 'ow's that?"

FIRST TRAMP: "It's this 'ere civilisation. These cookin' schools is teachin' gals how to use up cold wittles."

* * * * *

PROOF POSITIVE.

CHOLLY: "How do you know she won't marry you, dear boy?"

CHAPPIE: "Precedent, my dear fellah. She nevah has married anyone."

CHOLLY: "That's so, bah Jove."

MY TAILOR.

Who is it after winter's storm,
When days out-lengthen and grow warm,
Takes charge of my exacting form?
My tailor.

Who shows me with a cheery smile,
Apparently devoid of guile,
The latest—and most costly—style?
My tailor.

Who is it takes me for a Duke,
And as I murmur a "Gadsook!"
Skilfully parries the rebuke?
My tailor.

Who is it as I hold aloof,
Or glance at him in mild reproof,
Unrolls his stock from floor to roof?
My tailor.

Who then approves with zeal unchecked
The cheaper cloth that I select,
And conjures up the fine effect?
My tailor.

Who renders his account—a crime
Too prevalent in this our clime—
At a most unpropitious time?
My tailor.

Who is it, holiday inclined,
And speeding from my daily grind,
I feel so glad to leave behind?
My tailor.

Strolling along in tweeds arrayed
At the seaside with some fair maid,
Whom do I meet on the parade?
(Hinting of something still unpaid!)
My tailor!

R. C. Tharp.

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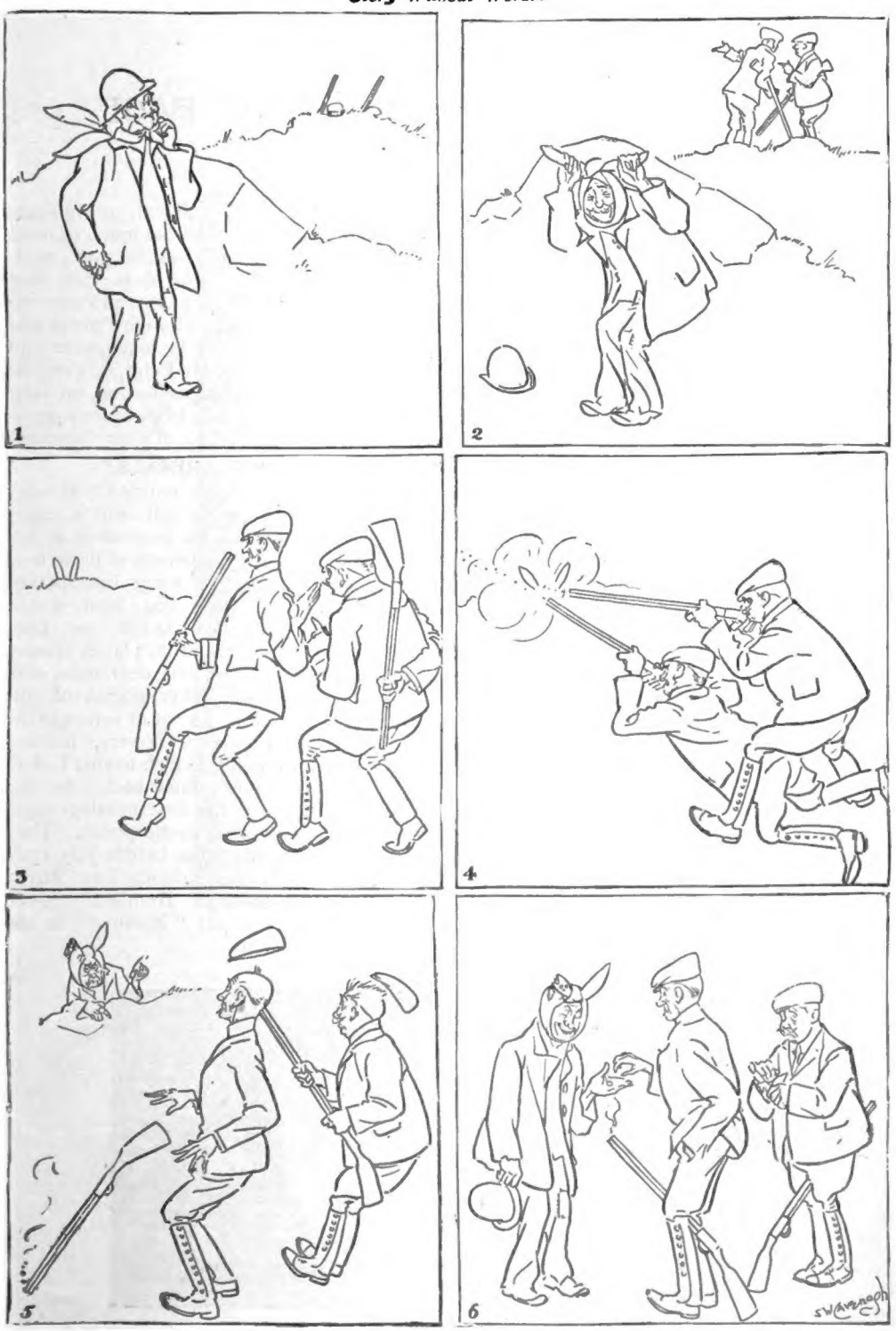
HOW HARDUP ACTED THE RABBIT AND GOT PAID.

Story Without Words.



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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

THE FRESH AIR FUND—IMPORTANT NEWS.

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales contributed £25 to the F.A.F. last year, and has consented to do so for the future. What are you going to do for this most excellent of charities, by the help of which poor little children, who have not otherwise the opportunity of enjoying the country, are enabled to get one long, happy day among the woods and fields? Remember that ninepence—only ninepence!—is all that is required to give a child that long, happy day. Surely almost every one of you who read The Royal can spare an occasional ninepence and not feel the loss. Yes, I feel sure that the Prince's gracious example will be followed not only by many other people with heavy purses, but by all readers of The Royal.

Besides the announcement of this handsome donation by the Prince of Wales, I have other news for those who take an interest in the F.A.F. In the first place, the Lord Mayor of London has kindly consented to open in person the summer outing at Loughton on June 10th, thus giving a public and official character to the F.A.F. Furthermore, I am happy to announce that all towns with 90,000 inhabitants are now included in the scheme These, together with London, make no fewer than forty centres.

Now, do not let this good news influence you in the wrong direction. All undertakings, whether commercial, political, or philanthropic, are, in reality, never so much in need of energetic furtherance as at their most prosperous moment. For it is then that people are most apt to pause and rest on their laurels for awhile. Though Princes and other great personages may lend purse and patronage to the Fresh Air Fund, it is on you that we must chiefly depend—and on your ninepences! But far be it from me to suggest that ninepence be the limit of your donation!

"MISSING ANIMALS."

On page 171 is a poem entitled "Missing Animals." Some people will read it easily enough, but others are not very smart at that sort of thing, and for the benefit of these here is the key to the little drawings interspersed between the text: Bear, boa, tapir, whale, ewe; fly, cricket, bat, lion, fish, roe, bee; carp, skate, ant, lynx; martin, plaice, toucan, curlew, hare; sole, gnu, hart, deer, mite, seal.

Now, I want some other poems of this description. For the best set of verses in the same style with missing flowers, missing vegetables, and missing British towns, I shall be happy to pay one guinea each—the best missing flower poem, the best missing vegetable, and best missing towns poem. They should arrive at this office before July 15th. Address them to the Editor, The Royal Magazine, 17 and 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and put "Missing" in the top, left-hand corner.

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